

# THE WESTERN MONTHLY.

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WILLIAM B. ALLISON.

THE Hon. WILLIAM B. ALLISON, Representative in Congress for the fourth time from the Third District of the State of Iowa, is one of those earnest radicals who do not injure their personal influence and popularity by illiberalism of sentiment or dogmatism in expression. Though no one is more outspoken than he, or goes more pluckily to the maintenance of his political doctrines to all their logical results, yet he does so with a *suaviter in modo* not personally disagreeable to political opponents. He seems to be in Congress what Washington Irving was in letters—overflowing with the milk of human kindness, and liked by all who respect a genial, truthful, and brave nature; a nature which would conquer by kindness rather than by hate; which does not like a fight for fight's sake, but when courage and honor demand the strife, rushes in with the true war spirit and the demand—

"Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold,  
enough!'"

It is this good nature of Mr. ALLISON, those qualities which go to make up

what we call a fine character, which have given him far more influence in Congress, and which have made him in reality far more potential in the legislation of the country, than can be justly claimed for not a few men who are much more distinguished than he. There are several men in Congress who greatly outrank Mr. ALLISON in the line of oratory, who can not compare with him in the matter of getting measures enacted into laws. He has, moreover, a natural talent for legislative business, and having now been constantly in Congress since 1862, it is entirely within the bounds of truth to say that he has as much influence in the national legislature as any of its members. Persons familiar with Congressional modes of business will understand that we speak here of personal influence, and not of that power which comes from positions on committees. This power belongs to a system, and not to individuals; and of this Mr. ALLISON has always exerted his fair share, as we shall presently see.

Like the most of our men of influence and position in the West, Mr. ALLISON

spent the early years of his life on a farm. He was born in Wayne county, Ohio, March 2d, 1829. His boyhood was passed on his father's farm. Farming, in those days, meant hard work and much of it. To this day the traveler from the Northwest, who passes over the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway, wonders, as he goes whirling along in a palace car, how the heavy forests in Ohio can ever be made into farms. When he learns of the tremendous work of the early farmers, who cut down forests where now are the flourishing cities of Wooster, Canton, Mansfield, he invariably finds himself acquiring renewed respect for the men of the olden time. Of these was WILLIAM B. ALLISON's farmer father—a man of hard work, independent spirit, and inquiring mind. The boy early learned to labor on the farm, and there is no part of the business of farming that he does not practically understand. He received the rudiments of learning—the inevitable reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a few glimpses of geography and grammar—at the common schools of the country, by attending school in the winter, work on the farm requiring his attention during the summer. In his youth and early manhood, however, he had the advantages of a liberal course of education, pursuing his studies at Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, and at Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio. He was a diligent student, and found time to be proficient in the regular studies of college, and also to read extensively in history and the general literature of our language. Upon the completion of his collegiate course he resolved to make the law his profession. He went into the ponderous and dry works of the law with great earnestness, and after a more thorough course than usual was admitted to the practice. He practiced with a good degree of success in Ohio for a few years, but in 1857 concluded

to remove to the city of Dubuque, Iowa,—a determination which was at once carried out.

Not long after Mr. ALLISON made Dubuque his home, the State of Iowa received a blow which, for the time being, paralyzed business of every description, and put a sudden stop to the prosperity for which the commonwealth had been specially noted during a few preceding years. The financial crisis of 1857, which had such disastrous effects in all portions of the country, was peculiarly disastrous in Iowa. There were at that time no banks at all in the State. They had been prohibited by law, and though the new Constitution of the State authorized banking corporations, the provision required approval by the people, and this had not yet been given. And so the State was the receptacle of all the worthless bank notes of the country. "Wild-cats" flew to Iowa, as it were, on the winged winds. When the wild-cat institutions blew up with the tremendous crash of '57, the people of Iowa had their pockets and coffers full of bank notes, but no money. The brokers nearly all "broke," and so did nearly everybody else. There was absolute distress in hundreds of families passing rich but a short time before the crisis. The city of Dubuque was in full sympathy with the general misfortune. Mr. ALLISON was not discouraged by the general dark outlook. He felt that behind the clouds the sun was shining. And so it happened. Well read and skillful in his profession, attentive to its duties, agreeable with his clients and all with whom he became acquainted, business came to him and increased so that in a short time he had as much to do as he desired. In politics he was an earnest, active republican, but was in the minority in Dubuque, and made no considerable reputation. In 1860, however, he was chosen one of the delegates to attend the National Republi-

can Convention at Chicago, where he labored modestly but heartily for the nomination of Abraham Lincoln.

In 1862, Mr. ALLISON was nominated for Congress. He made a thorough canvass of the district, speaking in every county, they numbering not less than twelve, and in some of them more than once. His majority was three thousand six hundred and sixty, in a vote of some twenty-one thousand.

Up to this time Iowa had only had two Representatives in Congress; now it had six. In its earlier political history, the State was not at all noted for representative men of great talents. During the era of democratic control, its Senators had been the Hon. A. C. Dodge and the Hon. George W. Jones. Mr. Dodge was known as a gentleman of the most hospitable nature, and of incorruptible integrity. There was a little ridiculous pomposity in his manner, perhaps, just enough to give readers of Dickens a pleasant reminder of Mr. Turveydrop; but he was a conscientious Senator and a good man. He was not a statesman, only because of insufficient intellectual capacity. His colleague for many years, General Jones (every noted person in Iowa in those remote times seems to have been a General), was an exceedingly agreeable personage in Washington society. It is a historical fact that he was the best dancer ever in the United States Senate, and one of the best "log-rollers." What General Jones did not know in these accomplishments was not worth knowing. He had the greatest kindness for General Dodge, and failed to become a statesman out of intellectual sympathy with him. His subsequent imprisonment in Fort La Fayette was the result, let us hope, of a gush of good feeling for traitors, rather than of good feeling for treason. Be this as it may, neither he nor Dodge brought renown upon the State which they so long represented. In the House of Representatives,

Samuel R. Curtis, afterwards the distinguished Major-General who won the brilliant victory of Pea Ridge, and William Vandever, afterwards a General who deserved more fame than he has yet received, were men of note and influence after the year 1856. In 1855 James Harlan, since Secretary of the Interior, and famous as a politician and orator, was elected to the Senate, to take the place of Mr. Dodge. At the next Senatorial election, James W. Grimes was elected to succeed Mr. Jones. In the general dearth of statesmanship which prevailed in the early era of the Rebellion, there was nevertheless vigorous growth in naval affairs, the result of Senator Grimes's labors in the Senate Naval Committee. By universal opinion, Mr. Grimes was placed among the truly great men of the Senate.

Iowa's public men, therefore, had given the State a wide reputation when Mr. ALLISON, without previous parliamentary experience, entered the House as a member of the famous Thirty-eighth Congress. He had some noted men for his colleagues. Mr. James F. Wilson represented the First District of the State. He has a very remarkable capacity for public affairs. He had been a member during the previous session, having been elected to fill out the unexpired term of General Curtis, resigned. Upon the organization of the Thirty-eighth Congress, he was appointed Chairman of the Judiciary Committee by Speaker Colfax—a position which he filled until the close of the Fortieth Congress, in such way as to give his name brilliant renown. Mr. Hiram Price represented the Second District. There have been but few men in Congress, of late years, with sharper minds and tongues than the mind and tongue of Hiram Price. He could, perhaps, predict the practical effect of a law as well as any man in Congress. He had great influence in all financial

measures, and was unusually fine in a running debate. Mr. J. B. Grinnell, representing the Fourth District, was an efficient member. Mr. John A. Kasson, who had been First-Assistant Postmaster-General, who had so worded the tariff resolution of the Chicago platform of 1860 that Mr. Greeley found in it "protection" and Mr. Bryant free trade, entered the same Congress with the reputation of a man of brilliant talents. He was, however, always more popular with Eastern men than with Western men. The other member of the delegation in the House, Judge Hubbard, was an intense radical, as venerable as Abraham in appearance, and as young as any man in feeling. He was a first-rate parliamentary talker, and as brilliant a hater of conservatism as any parliamentary body ever contained. He was a fine member, and would unquestionably have made a considerable general reputation, but for the fact that his health became poor. Such were Mr. ALLISON's colleagues in the House. Some of them are men of deserved national reputation, and all are men of note in their State, and of much ability as politicians. Mr. ALLISON was the youngest man in the delegation, and the only one without previous actual experience in legislative bodies or public office. Encouraged by the hearty friendship of his colleagues, and by that of several distinguished Representatives from other States, he entered upon his duties with zeal, and with studious habits which have never been laid aside and which have given him remarkable success as a legislator.

The year in which Mr. ALLISON was first elected to Congress was, in several of the States, disastrous to the republican party. The conduct of the war in the West had early in the year been cheering to the Union cause. Commodore Foote had taken Fort Henry with distinguished *éclat*; Grant had

gained the splendid victory of Donelson; the surprise of Shiloh had been turned, by marvelous tenacity of generalship and heroic endurance of Western soldiery, into triumph; New Orleans had succumbed to Farragut and Butler; Curtis had dispersed the rebels of the Southwest by his magnificent battle of Pea Ridge. We had the Union victory of Roanoke also, on the Atlantic Coast. But the principal army of the East had been engaged in bepraising its General and in getting whipped. In general politics, what was called the Border State policy—the policy of conducting the war on peace principles—had much influence, and the earnest people of the country were discouraged. New England remained generally true to the republican party, but its ranks were disastrously broken in New York, in Pennsylvania, in Ohio, and elsewhere. Benjamin and Fernando Wood, Mr. Brooks, and Mr. Chanler, were in the New York delegation; Roscoe and Frederick Conkling, and General Van Wyck, were not. Mr. Grow, Mr. Hickman, and Mr. McPherson, were no longer in the Pennsylvania delegation. The eccentric John A. Bingham, Mr. Gurley, of Cincinnati, the eloquent Shellabarger, were left out of the Ohio republicans. Mr. Cox, whose sun it was supposed had set, came up as bright as ever in the political horizon. Mr. Pendleton had also triumphed, and had brought with him from a Cincinnati district Mr. Alexander W. Long, an outspoken enemy of the war. There was much compensation for the republicans, however, in the defeat of Mr. Vallandigham by General Schenck. The democratic Representatives here named, and others, possessed acknowledged ability and admirable pluck. It was exceedingly fortunate for the country that they met their peers on the republican side of the House. There was Thaddeus Stevens, a fair match for any score of debaters ever pitted against

him in a parliamentary conflict. There was Owen Lovejoy, still in apparent good health, the finest orator of these latter times, and one of the most genial of men. Not far from him sat Henry Winter Davis, the Chevalier Bayard of the House, singularly strong in argumentation, wonderfully pleasing as an orator. There were Elihu B. Washburne, George W. Julian, James F. Wilson, John A. J. Creswell, Francis Thomas, Samuel Hooper, George S. Boutwell, Henry L. Dawes, Reuben E. Fenton, Robert C. Schenck, Rufus P. Spaulding, James A. Garfield, William D. Kelly, and Mr. Speaker Colfax, making a "muster-roll of names" which will not soon pass from the memory of men.

If there were many men of this Congress, whether of one party or another, who were eminent for abilities, their debates and legislative labors were no less remarkable or important. The demands of the times made many financial measures necessary; and it was this Congress which passed the National Currency act, establishing a bureau therefor of more business now than a department formerly had; which authorized the \$200,000,000 loan, popularly known as the "five-forty" loan; inaugurated a heavy liquor taxation; authorized the \$400,000,000 "five-thirty" loan, and the \$600,000,000 six per cents; which passed the act for direct taxation in insurrectionary districts; and amended the revenue laws in many particulars. It also materially amended the enrollment law, increased the pay of soldiers, and pensions. In general legislation, it amended the Homestead act, established the post-office money-order system, steamship mail service with China and Japan, and in other respects improved the postal laws. The act for the incorporation of the Union Pacific Railway was greatly changed, and that for the Northern Pacific Railway passed. For all these measures for the carrying

on of the war, Mr. ALLISON voted, as he did for those for the development of the country, especially of the Northwest. He procured the land grant for a railway through Iowa, westward from McGregor, which is now just completed to the Cedar River, and moving on lively toward the Missouri. He also introduced the bill for the improvement of the navigation of the Mississippi River, and at length succeeded in having the measure adopted, to the great benefit of the "Great Valley," as will be hereafter more especially manifest. He was always present in his seat, failing to vote less than almost any other member. In all the political contests of the period, he will be found to have voted for the most radical measures, and against every motion, or resolution, or what not, introduced by the opposition, and looking to the adoption of rose-water warfare against the rebels. For those great measures of freedom passed by this Congress—the repeal of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the resolution for the Thirteenth Constitutional Amendment—he voted with unique energy and satisfaction. Against extravagance in every shape, against every "stealing" that was attempted, he will be found to have voted, without exception. During the first session of this Congress he made a set speech upon the bill relating to homesteads on forfeited estates. It was at an evening session. He had a fine audience; and made an excellent impression both on House and galleries. He took ground in favor of every measure for the suppression of the Rebellion which the most radical republicans had believed essential or necessary, including the measure in direct discussion. "If we hope to attain success in this contest," he remarked, near the close of his speech, "we must guaranty to all the privileges of religion, of family, of property, and of liberty."

At the close of the Thirty-eighth

Congress Mr. ALLISON stood rather well as a speaker—he had frequently made brief remarks on measures before the House—and ranked high as a practical legislator. Perhaps there was no new member who had more sincere friends among the distinguished men of both houses than he.

Meantime he had been re-nominated by his party without opposition, and had been re-elected to the Thirty-ninth Congress by a majority of about three thousand votes. His competitor in this campaign was Mr. B. B. Richards, of Dubuque. Mr. Richards had been in the State Legislature, and stood well with his party. He was also greatly respected, personally, by the republicans. At this time Mr. ALLISON had had but a single campaign's experience on the hustings. His friends did not claim for him any special talents as an orator more than the capacity of plainly and clearly setting forth his ideas in speech. It was discovered, however, in his canvass with Mr. Richards, that when aroused by active and powerful opposition, he exhibited debating talents of a high order. The republicans were not only satisfied, but greatly gratified, by the manner in which Mr. ALLISON conducted the canvass, whilst the democrats, who were led to suppose that Mr. Richards would "eat ALLISON up," to use the strong phrase of the times, were notably disappointed in the result being "on the contrary, quite the reverse." The truth is, Mr. ALLISON's mind had grown much during his Congressional experience. He had studied politics as a science. He had profoundly reflected upon the problems of statesmanship, the solution of which the stirring times demanded. He had carefully read what great minds of other countries and our own had written on human rights and human government. He had conscientiously observed the practical operations of laws and policies. Whilst his studies and

experience had greatly enlarged his mind, they had not at all quenched his enthusiasm, and if a less artful speaker than his competitor, he was far more effective with an intelligent public. And hence he was returned by a large majority, and with the increased respect of his constituency—a people noted for independent spirit, intelligence, and irrepressible progressive impulses.

In the Thirty-ninth Congress Mr. ALLISON was assigned a place on the Committee of Ways and Means, and has ever since been one of the most laborious and efficient workers on that committee, a membership of which ranks about up to the chairmanship of almost any other committee of the House. Entirely familiar with all the financial measures of the government, having a thorough knowledge of their practical results, and knowing well by attentive observation the commercial, material, and general business interests of the country, he has frequently been designated by the committee to take charge of important measures recommended for passage. It would be impossible in a sketch like this to give even an outline of Mr. ALLISON's Congressional record; for his labors are identified with, and his influence and ideas impressed upon, the most noted measures, particularly in relation to finances, of the legislation of the period. His speech on the Loan Bill, and that on the trade of British America, made in the first session of this Congress, showed a thorough knowledge of trade and finance in general, and particularly of the trade and finance of our country and its northern neighbor. But though it is true that his principal labors were on matters connected directly with the ways and means of government, his efforts were extended to other questions of moment. We find him in this Congress successfully speaking in favor of the improvement of the Mississippi River, for which

he had himself introduced a bill; and in favor of the Niagara Ship Canal. We find him also favoring a wiser and better administration of the affairs of the Agricultural Department, of placing agricultural implements on the free list as to taxation, and in other ways manifesting a special regard for that great industry of the country in which he was born and nurtured. We find him speaking earnestly for radical measures of general policy, advocating and voting for the Fourteenth Constitutional Amendment, and for other measures sustained by the advance republican sentiment of the country, among which may be cited the Civil Rights bill vetoed by President Johnson and passed over the veto, and the Freedmen's Bureau bill, having a similar history. It was a period of great political excitement, the conflict between the Executive and the Legislative Departments of our government being carried to the pitch of fury on the part of the President and the firmest determination on the part of Congress. Throughout this remarkable contest Mr. ALLISON was all the while undisguisedly outspoken in hostility to the President and his policy of reconstruction.

Mr. ALLISON was re-nominated by his party for the third time in 1866. His competitor this time was Reuben Noble, of McGregor, a lawyer of great ability, and an eloquent orator. He had formerly been a republican; but on account of fancied or real neglect, had become dissatisfied with a party to whose general views of freedom he undoubtedly assented. Of large practice in many counties of the district, an "old settler" of a very wide acquaintance, a gentleman of fine social qualities, who could hold his own with the best story-teller in the State, he had many elements of popularity. With an equally good cause he can surpass Mr. ALLISON, and most men for that matter, on the hustings; but no man

could have carried Mr. Johnson successfully with the people of any considerable portion of Iowa. After an unusually animated campaign Mr. ALLISON was reelected by a majority of five thousand votes.

The measure of the Fortieth Congress which attracted the attention and interest of the country most, was the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, for high crimes and misdemeanors, by the House of Representatives, and his trial by the Senate. The history of this public transaction is fresh in the recollection of the people. As we have before stated, Mr. ALLISON early feared the President would attempt to do his worst. When the question of impeachment came up in the House, Mr. ALLISON took emphatic grounds in favor of the measure. His speech on the question, February 24th, 1868, took the position, first, that the President had been guilty of positive, criminal violation of law, in the removal of the Secretary of War; and secondly, that his acts in many instances demonstrated that he was an enemy of the republic. The removal of Mr. Stanton and the appointment of General Lorenzo Thomas were, as Mr. ALLISON expressed it, "but one link in a long chain of usurpations on the part of the President. It is but a chapter (I hope the last) in the history of a great conspiracy, begun by the President in December, 1865, and continued in perseveringly to the present moment, to turn over the government of at least ten States, if not of the whole country, to the enemies of the republic."

By this time the opposition had begun to make war on the republicans for their management of the public finances. Issues of this kind were principally discussed during the Presidential campaign of 1868. It is perhaps true that Mr. ALLISON's speech on the finances, and the frauds and

speculations of many then holding office under Mr. Johnson, had as much circulation and influence in the campaign as any other document circulated. He also performed a valuable service to his party in a letter he wrote to the Hon. David A. Wells, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, eliciting from that distinguished statistician and clear thinker a reply, stating in detail the financial operations of the government, which was probably read by every intelligent man in the country.

Though there was animated opposition to Mr. ALLISON's nomination in 1868, he nevertheless succeeded; and after a very exciting canvass, in which he received the assaults of some republicans of the district, he was successful by a majority of six thousand and one votes over his competitor, Judge Mills. Mr. Thomas, a dissatisfied republican, who ran independently, received less than one hundred and fifty votes.

Such is a very imperfect sketch of Mr. ALLISON's life. Were it possible, in the limits assigned us, to give a full *résumé* of his Congressional record, we should find that he had always spoken and voted with the advance guard of the radicals. We should find that he had always advocated and voted for the strictest economy of public expenditures; that though he voted for those measures in aid of railway companies which were calculated to do undoubted good to his State and the country, he invariably opposed those schemes which were popularly denominated "land grabs;" that he voted against the increase of Congressmen's salaries and the salaries of other public officers; that, in short, his record in this respect is remarkably clear of spot or blemish. We should find him always heartily

devoted to those measures in which the Northwest had special interest, instances of which are found in his advocacy of the Niagara Ship Canal, the improvement of the Mississippi River, the distribution of the National Bank currency, the Pacific and other railway enterprises, and every measure in the interest of agriculture. And we should learn that, if he be not as distinguished as others, there are very few more useful members than he, and not one more true to his convictions of political duty. Entering Congress in times of national peril, and remaining during the whole period of trial, he did not cast a vote on any war measure—and he missed as few votes as any other member—which has not been shown to have been right. He has not spoken much, but always in good taste and with good effect. He has grown to be a member of large influence through hard and constant work, and by reason of natural good dispositions.

In person Mr. ALLISON is good looking, having keen black eyes, and a pleasant expression. His head is large and well formed. In manners he is exceedingly agreeable, and this from genuine good feeling and not from policy. He is always as glad to see a constituent after election as before—a very remarkable if not unique fact. There is not a particle of "fuss and feathers" about him. An earnest lover of freedom, possessed of keen instincts of justice, he has known no expediency, and has consented to no policy against the equal rights of all men before the law. Representing the advance ideas of his party in public affairs, every part of his public history and private life bears testimony to the fact that if not a great he is an honest and true man.

## MY TRIP TO TEXAS.

BY ANN ADVENTURESS.

BOOKS of travel are plenty and cheap. Those who seek for useful knowledge, in the shape of statistics, can find what they desire elsewhere, ready to their hands. Let them steer clear of these rambling records of shifting scenes and chance impressions.

During the year 185-, having journeyed from Dan to Beersheba, it was determined that we—that is, a certain company, neither menagerial, circus-orial, pantomimic, vocal, nor melodramatic, possibly a mixture of all—should finish up the year's exploits by a trip to Texas. The newly-wed had pitched their tabernacle in the land of the Attakapas, and my own was, *par conséquent*, pitched alongside. Moreover, since the "happy pair" were not expected to be tempted or prevailed on to relinquish domestic bliss for the perils of adventure through the space of two months, I, as being the readiest traveler at hand, was by the powers *pro tem*. specially detailed for the service demanded, and held ready to march in twenty-four hours after issue of orders. I can not say that I yielded to the command with distaste, nor yet that I entered upon the scheme with ardor. In cool blood, therefore, I managed the preliminaries—the slightest voted proper—namely: an extra pair of boots (feminine), blanket-shawl, barege veil; then sat down soberly to wait the appointed moment, rather an object of distinction, the center of a minute circle. It was night, and I had not yet joined my company; moreover, I was not to travel in a baggage-wagon nor on the hump of a camel; neither *per* antelope nor elephant. Any chance *bateau* navigating the bayous that thread these spongy flats could have the honor of conveying

myself and troupe to the outer coasts, thence to pursue the main track of our journey.

Thus first, hat in hand, the center of a minute circle, I cultivate my powers of attraction and await the prescriptive summons—To arms! What diabolic shriek shivers the night air? Pardon! It is but the evening song of a communicative mermaid that tri-weekly plies yon rippling wave; and I am advised to hasten my steps and secure acquaintance with said mermaid's accommodating chances. *A la bonne heure, ma belle! Je m'en vais!* Adieu, dear Bride! Adieu, dear Bridgroom!

We'll meet again when the voyage is o'er,  
When the sail is struck and the ship's ashore.

An unwholesome mermaid, a slatternly mermaid, a very dirty mermaid it is that I have undertaken to consort with. She is black about the mouth and gills, hath sooty eyebrows, red eyes, violet lips perchance, though not discoursing with violet breath; asthmatic are her sighs, murderous her groans. She indulged in a fit of the sulks for at least two hours. I went to sleep, and took no note of time, place, or circumstance. When I awoke, I knew not whether I were upon a mermaid's or a dolphin's back. An air of extreme mistiness prevailed above, around, below; but without question I was still afloat. A narrow breadth of stream, disclosing no sign of its source, no hint of its final development, seemed lazily to be sucking along to the sea, since that is the way all rivers run; and "verily never will the sea be full from such additions as these," quoth I. Starboard and larboard the groveling banks crouched to a level with the surface of the intermediate current, hardly far

enough apart to clear the poking elbows of the floundering mermaid.

The forest deepened and darkened. Cypress and oak gigantic—lugubrious shades—impenetrable mass of palmetto, mirk and myth! Whither am I wending? Whither glide those veiled and cloudy figures? I strain my eyes to watch the descent of weird forms on this mysterious shore. I saw them pause and prowl. I left them there in the rank and reedy jungle. Whether the serpent stung them in his lair, or the sea rose up and swept them into maws of hungry sharks, I know not; but this I know—on them I never looked again. Still at the mercy of my treacherous mermaid. Whenever she turns and retraces this stygian lagoon, must I turn and retrace too. At length, rounding to, she receives on board a fresh accession of voracious dupes, among them my own bewildered crew—my lost companions. "Give us an arm, good Hugh, for I am sick. This is traveling, Lady Anne, and a fine beginning we have made of it." The Lady Anne is a kindly relative, Hugh is my cousin, and our party is a good-sized one, counting all hands.

We glide down the sluggish stream, as the maiden of Acadia glided before, in the olden days, and knew not whom she was passing. There is little to be seen, except inlet and outlet, and round placid lakes across whose glassy depths we slowly steer to opposite shores. The face of the country never changes; the shores are hopelessly gray. Comparisons are odious. Contrasted with Switzerland and the Alps, this scenery is flat and tame—the captious and evil-minded no doubt would say uninteresting. Not uninteresting to me, nor unlovely. But I have never seen the Alps, and the serene lonesomeness here around somehow pleases me. It does not look like the familiar earth; I do not feel like a traveler in the common world, but rather as if I had been

transported to regions whereof geographers made no chart, merchantmen no mention.

There is no change till midnight; then we are landed, it seems to me, in the very midst of the forest. My sentiments are suddenly changed; there is reaction throughout my system. After all, it is the same old world, my own particular planet whereon I was born, whereon I hope to remain yet many years to come; a funny, variable world; show me a better, still should I like the higgledy-piggledy old chariot best. And speaking of chariots, lo! here we are pitched into the wilderness awaiting one—a headlong, scrambling, vociferant crew. The moon rides over the tops of trees tropical in height and splendor. It is all the moment gives me space to observe, for I must scramble with the rest, since there is a stage—yes, a veritable old yellow posting-coach.

Now the jargon of voices; Creole mistress, Creole maid:—"Cecile!" "*Prenez-garde!*" "*Ces choses-la!*" "*Apportez-donc!*" "*Voyez-donc!*" "*Ma petite sacque!*" "*Ne vois-tu pas?*" "*Ma malle!*" "*Mon mouchoir!*" "*Miséricorde!*" "*Ces vilains chemins!*" "*C'est fâcheux!*" mix in tones accordant and discordant, loading the night air with sputter and confusion, while the French women drop into the middle of a *voiture*, and the rest of us climb into the same conveyance.

The dead hours are not wholly consumed before we come to a halt at some junction, relay, or *entrepôt*, where we must be spilled out for thirty minutes or so, and get a fresh start.

The moon is vanished, and I venture to be reminded of the dark ages as I seat myself on a throne constructed of a meal-sack and survey the vast boarded tenement we have invaded. Dim and unfurnished, it may pass for the Hall of Cathulla. Truly, the feast was spread, and by the beam of flickering

lights I guessed the boar's head upon the table, "the bards resting upon their harps." "The ghost of Calmar came" —he stalked dimly along the beam. I could not see the wound in his side, but I heard him say, "Daughter of the cloudy night, why dost thou bend thine eyes on me?" "But, Calmar," I reply, "I shall not flee! I never feared the ghosts of night; small is their knowledge, weak their hands, their dwelling is in the wind. Pooh! thou art not Calmar's ghost, and there is no wind, and the battles are done with, the harps hung up; none have I seen this many a day—out of fashion, I suppose. Besides, the cloudy night is not my mother, and I am nobody's daughter."

I rise to resume my modern conditions, and very much cramped do I find them. The first conveyance had been exchanged for a long-seated omnibus, constructed originally on principles of rational calculation long since exploded. Formerly forty square inches of space were intended to supply room for forty square inches of bulk; at least, the ratio of conclusion was based on some such dogma, and the vehicle in question had been in use for the transportation of twelve persons of ordinary size. But in this famous nineteenth century, the antiquated machine was reckoned to have enlarged at a moment's demand, under the influence of the spirit of growth everywhere felt, to dimensions capable of embracing thirty live mortals. Grand old whale! thus to have expanded his ancient ribs and swallowed us all. Pitiable beasts of burden! Behemoth is too much for you—if, indeed, we are not too much for him. Am I an amiable young person? I don't know, and, shut up in obscurity, bound hand and foot, how can I tell? Complaints and murmurings rise to my lips. There is no prospect of dawn, and I am uncertain as to my partners in this concern. I only hope my wretched aunt is not far off. Yes, I hear a groan.

Kith and kin, forsake me not! Behold the morn, and behold the mud. Delectable this, dragging through a gulley —and there! I knew it! I told you so! Behemoth swallowed too much for once. We were indigestible, and he cast us out. Himself lieth there agape; a wing, a fin, a foot unloosed; one portentous hip upturned, under the shadow of which his now emancipated victims may rejoice, crawling away to light and freedom.

Suppose we bury several of the next ensuing days. Catalepsy, we will say, intervenes during Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, and when we resume the use of our senses it is morning again, and we are standing on the deck of a first-class steamer, smiling a final adieu to Medicus, gallantly waving his hat on the busy pier below.

City of Delight! I love thee passing well. I have never yet beheld thee devoid of charm, and as I mark thy glittering spires this radiant morn, the rosy hand of day seems joyfully to caress them, resting with soft touch on the front of yon cathedral's dual towers—Time's old face serenely set between. I would caress thee, too, for thou art waxing old and patriarchal. Thine aspect bids the world go pray, with saint-like benediction. Lustrums and decades begin to gather round thy brows patristic, summing up from royal Louises and Spanish viceroys to Bonapartes and presidents. The saints protect thee, ripening fane! and thee, thou city of my love! Thy blushing gardens and embowered balconies, thy quays and squares and streets, shall be forever bright as now, if prayers of mine avail.

Now glides our big and boastful steamship down the river, alive from stem to stern with bustle, tread, converse, command, and curiosity. It is a floating city mart, a town on market day, a Fair putting out to sea. Decks, saloons, state-rooms, are all as wide awake as Monday morning. But it is

the variety of the multitude that astonishes—yet a variety stamped with its own seal and signature. You would take none of these for Philadelphians, Greeks, or Londoners. They are of the veritable Southwest; and no man shall ever breathe the airs of Mississippian regions without dropping forth with his native investiture, and getting recast in the large-lunged mold of this free-footed Ishmael. Come with us to learn the trick of unconcern, the dash of a spur, and the merry spring to saddle. A stride and a grip, our hats on the cock, we override sobriety, jostle the prig, and smoke our pipes in the ladies' faces, although we love the last with hearts unfeigned. If you want to see us weep, show us a woman in distress; if you want to see us enraged, show us a woman ill-used; if you want to see us smile, show us a woman rocking a baby. We believe in the law, but we are negligent. We do not mean to blaspheme, but we will swear. We would keep Sunday, if we could ever tell when Sunday comes round; and as to the parson, he resembles all the rest of us, and we forget the civility due to his cloth. We do not swallow blood habitually, by way of pastime and delight; nevertheless, if a neighbor infringes needlessly, shows fight and is impudent, we can prick him over, and spill a drop or two without remorse.

Ho! for the rollicking, gay Southwest!

"Did you speak to me, Madame?"

"No, sir, not in particular; merely an observation."

"Fine day, Madame."

"Very."

Referee occupies a seat on the banquette, fore-arms reposed, figure inclined to the railing. Interlocutor bows:

"Prospect of a fair voyage!"

"I hope so. The most tedious part, I take it, is this monotonous steaming down the river."

"No, not unless the trip is one of common occurrence to you, and you do not happen to dread the sea."

Stranger advances a step nearer.

"Well, we shall dismiss the pilot and get into blue water by sunset."

"Perhaps I am impatient," continues the figure addressed.

"What! to be tossed on the chop waves of the Gulf? You never tried it!"

"Yes, I have."

"You don't look like a sailor," quoth he.

"Nor you like a member of Congress," quoth she.

"You are right. I am not; only one of the State Legislature."

"How is that? You ought to be in session, then."

"Off on a furlough, Miss, for New Year's Day, which will be to-morrow, and to dine in Galveston; if you choose to leave the ship for that purpose, happy to have you."

"What sort of people inhabit Galveston?"

"Permit me to take a seat, and I will tell you."

"Make yourself easy."

"Precisely. Now, so far as I know, the inhabitants are fashionable and good-tempered; that is, the Christian portion of the community."

"Why, what are the rest?"

"Oh, foreigners, of course; a beer-drinking set, addicted to midnight chants and the dissemination of diabolic newspapers printed in some inhuman type—which, after all, is the best side of the case, seeing but few can read, and still fewer understand it."

"I should imagine you were describing St. Louis; but pray tell me what the poison is."

"Infidelity, spiritualism, secret aspersions, and tamperings with well-founded laws for the protection of society."

"I suppose you are right, sir."

"I know I am."

"Therefore, it is the duty of standard men to prime their consciences and bid to the polls a million of riff-raff to vote for the next president, may I inquire?"

"It is the duty of men to hang a man now and then."

"No doubt, if you were sure to hang the right one. Do you think, sir, we are drifting away from the Constitution?"

"Are you a politician, Miss or Madame, as the case may be?"

"No more than my father was."

"Well, it is difficult saying. Henry Clay is dead, and Calhoun is dead, and there's the devil of a play going on at the North, which will lead to—its own results, I suppose. Do you know Madame Le V——?"

"I was never at Mobile; but I am authorized to seek an introduction whenever I do go there."

"An admirable woman is she. I was at the theater one night, several years ago, when she entered with Henry Clay—her guest at the time—and the house rung with acclamations, as much for the brilliant, accomplished lady as for the statesman. The next day, conversing with me, she told me she was down on the ticket with Mr. Clay, and laughingly entreated my support in my district."

"Did you promise it?"

"Of course; refuse a lady? Is thy servant a dog?"

"Mr. Clay would seem to have been a favorite everywhere, except in the 'Democratic Review' and the assembled vote of the nation."

"Nonsense. What book is that on your lap; life of Mrs. Judson?"

"No; life of Mrs. Siddons; both good women."

"You are a pupil of the late Mr. Ritchie, I perceive—a nursing at the limpid fount of democracy; fed, evidently, on loco-foco pap."

"On the contrary, my ancestors have all been whigs."

"An apostate, then, disavowing the faith of your fathers."

"I scorn the impious charge."

"Indeed! What, in that case, was Mr. Clay in your estimation?"

"A distinguished man; fallible like the rest of you, with a smile that was benevolent enough to disarm animosity, and a head capacious enough to non-plus it."

"Hum! hum! moderate. And what conclusions do you muster concerning Mr. Calhoun?"

"John C.?"

"Is there any other?"

"I am sufficiently rebuked."

Dinner ended this important colloquy. There is but one spot on earth, that I have ever tried, where the afternoon is not more or less dull. I do not mean that, of necessity, afternoons are unhappily, painfully tedious; but—and I bid the world to a deliberate response—is not apathy the distinguishing trait of this part of the day? Who then ever sings songs or merry snatches and roistering glees? Who ever sings at all in the afternoon, except practicing a role under stress of duty? Who ever thinks of taking impromptu whirls, or starts inadvertent hornpipes, then? No, good people, enthusiasm naturally declines at this period. The morning dew has been absorbed, yielded grace, and disappeared, while the evening moisture has not yet descended; therefore the grasses, the leaves, the spirits, flag. Unimpassioned quietude is the prevailing condition; and except you be at home, your afternoon is sure to be well interspersed with irrepressible yawns. If you are at home—and home is always *chez nous*, where our pursuits appointed fix us—the wheels, though not likely to turn with the redundant alacrity of morn, or with the cheerful readiness of eve, are not so certain to clog. At home, your work before you—book, pen, needle, tool of whatsoever kind—diligence at least bids to the task

with a gracious urging of its own, which seasons if it does not inspire. But on the wing, alight on transient roofs or fickle sprays, off on excursions or visits, then is one at a disadvantage, and forced to wrestle with sloth and insipidity. Why lounge I here inert, at half-past three in the afternoon, my senses stayed, my attitude enfeebled? Is it to be thus with the voyage of life, I won-

der, when the morning is past and even the fervid noon gone by? When I shall have doubled the prominent capes of my existence, shall I wait thus, languid and becalmed, for the purple shadows, the wafting breeze, and the beckoning stars?—And while I thus mused, the ship impetuous plunged forward into ocean.

### THE LESSON OF ANTÆUS.

BY DAVID SWING.

AS we understand the story of Antæus, it teaches that a mortal is not of much value when he parts company with the surface of things. He must keep his feet well planted on the common level, if he would make a good speech, or write a good poem, or rule well a good country. When men go up in balloons they struggle for breath, and a sweat of blood gathers upon their lips. On the great mountain-tops life grows burdensome, and the adventurer is glad to descend to the level of men's villages and shops and homes. So when a poor miner must descend into a shaft to recover the dead bodies of his brothers, he first lets down a lighted candle, to learn whether any demons are still waiting to put out any more lights of life. It would seem that it is only on the surface that mortals live well and joyously; that there, amid sunshine beating on the ground, amid the winds sweeping along over fresh water, fresh earth, fresh foliage, the soul becomes a giant not to be trifled with by this or that Hercules of brute force.

It would be, no doubt, a straining of the text, if one should declare that in the fable of Antæus was foreshadowed

a Calvin, or Comte, or Edwards, or Buckle. This rendering of the fable may be left to those who find Napoleon III. to be the antichrist, and the "next war" to be the battle of Gog and Magog; it being sufficient for us to confess the resemblance between the fates of the ancient and the modern giants. What is the matter of John Calvin, save that he got his feet off the ground whereon mankind stand and whereon are beating the warmth and light of life? What injured the beautiful Comte, unless it was his climbing up into mountain-tops where human hearts are wont to struggle and gasp for breath, and where there comes no smoke of village or cottage and no hum of crowded streets? What will check the stream of Buckle's fame, unless it be the fact that he went down into a depth so deep as to render it impossible for society at large either to follow him or to see just where he went in the narrow, dark shaft?

The naturalists find, both in the regions above and the regions beneath, places which they mark "*azoic*." The lead does not sink far in the sea before it comes to the lifeless realm—the realm of darkness and solitude.

Between this line and the surface sunshine swarms the sea's myriad life. So in the upper atmosphere, there is a line beyond which are silence and death; but between it and the earth's covering of heat and light move to and fro the great living tides.

In view of these well-known lines of material things or organic matter, why should not our philosophers of great genius suspect their domains of having lines beyond which faith and love may not be able to live?—lines over which not even a monad of soul could be wafted without falling like the birds that once aspired to cross the Avernus lake.

Calvin was a strong-minded and deep thinker; but we are inclined to believe that when in the course of his intellectual events he drew near the consideration of the eternal decrees, he should have drawn a line there, and, having written upon it the word "*azoic*," should have hastened back to the glorious sunshine of the surface. As things were, however, his feet got away from the healthy mother earth, and this good giant was well-nigh slain by the Hercules of the next generation.

The distress of John Calvin ought to have been a warning to the distinguished Mr. Buckle. If the great human family would not permit its free-will to be killed by the iron fate of Geneva, there was no good reason for supposing that it would consent to its being slain by the food and soil and climate of Mr. Buckle. The fatalists said, "It was decreed of God he should do such an act;" Buckle says, "It is a matter of food, soil, climate, and nurse." In both verdicts the responsible human will is set aside, and both philosophies walk hand-in-hand down to the realms of no life—no soul. The philosophies thus descend, not the men that wrote them, much less the men that read them.

It is enough to make one love more and more the surface philosophy of things, to observe how glad such mortals as Calvin and Buckle are to come back, every idle hour, to the great grassy field in which all the world's men and women and children are at work and at play. They stay away from the world just long enough to write a page or two, and back they come for a new breath of fresh air. Having shown how all the thoughts and deeds of each mortal were fixed beyond change far back in eternity—that man is a wheel in a great machine, and is moved by the great Motive Power—Calvin puts aside his paper and pen, and walking forth into the streets of Geneva, praises and scolds like a good father; and when there is a disturbance of the peace he becomes a peace-maker, by means of a literal staff or stick. Meanwhile his march of fate is doing well enough in his book.

With Buckle, affairs are not otherwise. He shows plainly that the actions of a man are not the creation of his will, any more than the foliage of a tree is a voluntary display on the part of the oak or ash. As a tree is clothed with leaves or blossoms by the outside influences, so each individual is clothed with deeds and thoughts by influences before him and around him. But having elaborated well this theory, having shut himself up in his room, and having reviewed all nations from its holy quiet, he hastens out into the fresh air and scolds like a step-mother at Lord Bacon for being so foolish as to stand in the snow, to the peril of a valuable life. Instead of showing us that Lord Bacon was standing in the snow, in obedience to the influence of past generations, in obedience to a great tidal wave of imprudence that, rolling along from antiquity, sweeps away the helpless individual soul, he absolutely talks to the prince of thinkers as men talk to men or child to child, assuming the presence

of a will, without one word about food or climate. Now the fact that the deep philosophers are in such haste always to get back to the common surface, is enough to confirm one in the conclusion that it is better to remain all the while on the common plain of life. It was a wise conclusion of a German general, whose army had invariably fallen back in every battle for thirty years, that he would thereafter follow a league to the rear, that he might always save two leagues of travel when his troops met the foe. Led by such an example of prudent generalship, we would wish to lag far behind Buckle and Calvin, and recruit our health and spirits at the point to which they shall inevitably fall back after a few shots at the enemy.

Not only is the longing to get the feet on the common ground betrayed by these giants away from their set tasks, but even in the midst of their profoundest thoughts there are beautiful glimpses stolen by them of the solid land outside, upon which humanity is living and laughing and plowing and reaping. The Genevan sage looks up from his page on fate and says: "Nevertheless, hereby is not the free-will of man impaired;" and the great Englishman, too, looks up and feels the same "nevertheless," though he betrays it only by a smile. The difference in the two systems is in the word "nevertheless." England is silent; Geneva sings it aloud. Now that word is the effort of Antæus to touch the ground with his feet.

When the marine divers put great weights to their bodies and silently drop down into the deep sea, they are very careful to carry a cord along that may keep them related definitely to the sunshine world, and some man sits in the upper sunshine to hold the line and read the wishes of the hero in the depths. Soon there is a very marked

pull at the rope. The brave, good heart below wishes to rise. Oh, how he longs to be up beside the man in the sunshine! If it be lawful to compare small things to great, what shall forbid us from feeling that the "nevertheless" is the signal of the deep thinkers that they desire to come up for a good fresh breath, and to see whether the sun is still shining and the birds still singing in the upper air? To one reading the first pages of Spinoza, the thought comes that the strange being has gone away from all former things of matter or thought, and that he wishes to beguile the reader away from all old and dear things. The wilderness grows darker and more pathless before us. We become confused, and begin to fear our guide to be something apart from human, when lo! by a secret spring, known only to Spinoza, he ushers us into the presence of our common religion. To this presence we come, not by any visible steps of logic, but by Spinoza's own pull at the rope, by his own peculiar use of the intermediate "nevertheless." He is mortal. He belongs to the *filii terræ*, and is as anxious as his homesick reader for frequent visits to motherland. In view of this well-known effort of the world's giants to touch at times the earth's green grass, it would seem the plain duty of the multitude to consider the common level of earth's thought and feeling a wonderfully dear spot worthy of a life-long sojourn. The surface of the earth is better than the cold air above or depths beneath. The smile of the sea is not in its deep soundings, but on the open face.

"There is sweet music here that softer falls  
Than petals from blown roses on the grass.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here are cool mosses deep,  
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in  
sleep."

## A MEMORY.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

WE walked together, he and I,  
One spring-time, years and years ago,  
Beneath this blue and balmy sky,  
As we shall walk no more, I know.

Here grew a pink anemone;  
He broke it from its fragile stalk,  
And smiling, gave it up to me,  
In memory of our spring-time walk.

Upon this hillock, bare and brown,  
We sat awhile to talk and rest,  
And watch a radiant sun go down  
The golden pathway of the west.

We talked of birds, and books, and flowers.  
"The white-winged bird of love," he said,  
"Sings sometimes in these hearts of ours:  
God pity those whose bird is dead!"

We saw brown robins peeping out  
From banks where shy wild violets grew,  
And heard their twitter all about,—  
Old sights and sounds, yet always new.

We stood beside this brook, and saw  
The waters dance and leap away;  
And started at a blackbird's caw,  
Too harsh a sound for that sweet day.

Here in these shadows fresh and sweet,  
We sought to find some wild bird's nest;  
We found the print of robins' feet,  
And feathers from a bluebird's crest.

\* \* \* \* \*

How fresh these memories come to me  
Across the shadows of the years!  
Again his tender face I see,  
But always through a mist of tears.

His tender face! his dreamy eyes,  
So full of heaven's unclouded blue!—  
Oh, never will the spring's bright skies  
Gladden a heart more truly true!

## SHALL THE CAPITAL BE REMOVED?

THE question of the removal of the National Capital to some point in the Mississippi Valley, has become one of absorbing interest. A convention, having this object in view, met at St. Louis on the twenty-seventh of October, in which were represented not less than sixteen States and Territories. It was presided over by J. D. Caton, Ex-Chief-Justice of Illinois; and the delegates, as a body, were men of confirmed character and ability. The proceedings were characterized by great unanimity. No particular place was designated as the future Capital, but the removal to some point in the Mississippi Valley was insisted on, and a committee was appointed to express the sentiments of the convention, in an address not yet published.

In view of this action, an inquiry into the origin of the legislation by which the present Capital was founded, and the motives which influenced the legislators in the selection of the place, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

The first Congress, under the present Constitution, assembled in 1789, in the old City Hall, in New York. The building stood in Wall street, opposite Broad street, on the site of the present Custom House. It was in a dilapidated condition, and the accommodations were inadequate. The city had no funds to appropriate for repairs, and the Continental treasury was empty. The citizens, however, anxious to retain the seat of government in their midst, started a subscription, and succeeded in raising the sum of thirty-two thousand dollars, which was expended in repairs; and the renovated building, re-named

"Federal Hall," was placed by the city authorities at the disposal of the new Congress. The day appointed for the meeting was ushered in by the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and other popular demonstrations; but only eight Senators and thirteen Representatives—not enough to form a quorum—appeared, and a month elapsed before both Houses could organize for business. This was accomplished March 30th, 1789. It was here that, on the Monday following (April 6th), the electoral votes, in presence of the Senate and House of Representatives—John Langdon presiding,—were counted, when George Washington was declared unanimously elected first President of the United States.

Toward the close of the session, the question of fixing permanently the seat of government was discussed, and with much acrimony of feeling. Nine years before, in consequence of an unfortunate mutiny at Philadelphia, the Continental Congress had removed from that city, and in the meanwhile had been a peripatetic body, meeting at Trenton, Annapolis, and finally settling down in New York. Pennsylvania was desirous of again possessing the Capital; while Maryland, Virginia, and the extreme Southern States, were determined to fix it on the banks of the Potomac. The New England Representatives were non-committal, and advocated a postponement of the question; but the Southern members, including those from Pennsylvania, fearing that the claims of New York would become stronger by delay, insisted on immediate action. Accordingly, a reso-

lution was reported, to transfer the Capital to the banks of the Susquehanna, which received the support of the New England members, but which failed to satisfy the requirements of the Southern members. So high did the feeling run, that Madison, who was noted for his moderation and equanimity, declared in debate that if Virginia could have foreseen that day's proceedings, she would not have ratified the Constitution.

The bill, however, passed the House, authorizing the President to appoint commissioners to select a site for the new Capital, and purchase the requisite grounds for the public buildings; and it also contained a provision authorizing them to negotiate a loan for one hundred thousand dollars, to enable them to carry out these objects.

The Senate amended this bill, requiring the commissioners to secure an area of ten miles square adjoining Philadelphia, which amendment was concurred in by the House; but a further amendment was made, to the effect that the laws of Pennsylvania prevail over the tract proposed to be ceded, until Congress should enact a code of its own. This amendment required that the bill should again go to the Senate, where, for some reason not now understood, but probably the strong hostility of the Southern members, it was allowed to sleep.

At the next session the question of removal was resumed; but new elements had entered into the combination to influence the action of Northern members. Robert Morris was strongly urging the funding of the State debts and their assumption by the general government—a measure which had originated with Hamilton; but so evenly were parties divided, that a change of two or three votes was required to carry or defeat it. In this emergency, he suggested that sufficient support might be obtained from the South to carry this

scheme, if the North would consent to remove the Capital to the banks of the Potomac. Hamilton concurred with Morris, and took it upon himself to open negotiations with Jefferson. At the dinner-table of the latter, the two chiefs of their respective sections came to the arrangement that White and Lee, of Virginia, should change their votes in favor of the funding scheme, and Hamilton pledged himself to enlist sufficient Northern support to remove the Capital to the Potomac.

A resolution had already passed the House, to the effect that the next session be held at Philadelphia, which, when brought before the Senate, was rejected; whereupon the House passed another resolution substituting Baltimore, but the Senate refused to act except in reference to a final disposition of the whole matter.

In pursuance of the arrangement above recited, a bill was introduced to fix the permanent seat of government at some point on the Potomac, to be designated by the President, who was authorized to appoint commissioners to lay out the grounds and erect buildings for the accommodation of the several departments. Instead of making appropriations of money, which could ill be spared, to defray the cost of these works, the President was authorized to receive subscriptions from the States of Maryland and Virginia—which States, it was supposed, in their eagerness to secure the prize, would furnish all the funds necessary. The act further required that the public buildings should be ready for occupancy by the first of December, 1800; but, to conciliate Pennsylvania as far as possible for the defeat she had sustained, it was further enacted that the temporary seat of government be transferred for ten years to Philadelphia. It was only after a fierce opposition that this act became a law. Hamilton admitted just enough of his trusted friends into the secret to secure

a majority. The yeas and nays were called thirteen times in the discussion, and on the final passage the vote stood thirty-two in favor and twenty-nine against.

In the meager debates which have been preserved, as having taken place on this occasion, we find that the main reason urged for the removal, and which exists in equal force at this day, was to secure a central position in reference to population.

Mr. Jackson, of Georgia, said that "Upon this subject depended the existence of the Union. The place of the seat of government was important in every point of view. It might be compared to the heart of the human body; it was a center from which the principles of life were carried to the extremities, and from there might return again with precision."

Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, thought that "The principles of the Union were the principles of equal justice and reciprocity. He conceived the question now before the House as grand a link as any in the Federal chain. The future tranquility of the United States depended as much on this as on any other question that ever had or could come before Congress. It was a justice due to the extremities of the country to adopt such a measure."

Mr. Lee, of Virginia, remarked: "A place as nearly central as a convenient communication with the Atlantic Ocean and an easy access to the Western territory will permit, ought to be selected and established as the permanent seat of the government of the United States. Will gentlemen say the center of government should not be the center of the Union? Will they say our Western brethren are to be disregarded? These are momentous considerations which should lead the House to a conclusion."

Mr. Madison, of Virginia, used this language: "An equal attention to the

rights of the community is the basis of republics. If we consider, Sir, the effects of legislative power on the aggregate community, we must feel equal inducements to look for the center in order to find the present seat of government. Those who are most adjacent to the seat of legislation will always possess advantages over others. An earlier knowledge of the laws, a greater influence in enacting them, better opportunities for anticipating them, and a thousand other circumstances, will give a superiority to those who are thus situated. If we consider the influence of the government in its Executive department, there is no less reason to conclude that it ought to be placed in the center of the Union. It ought to be in a situation to command information from every part of the Union, to watch every conjecture, to seize every circumstance that can be improved. The Executive eye ought to be placed where it can best see the dangers which threaten, and the Executive arm whence it may be extended most effectually to the protection of every part."

In the spring of 1791, Washington proceeded to the Potomac, and passed several days in examining the region; and finally, in pursuance of the authority vested in him, selected the present site of the Capital, and appointed a commission to carry out the provisions of the act. Washington called it the "Federal City," but the commissioners, with an appropriateness which posterity has ratified, attached to it the name of the Father of his Country.

It was surveyed and plotted on a magnificent scale, Major L'Enfant, a French engineer, having been first employed, and afterwards Mr. Ellicot. The plan looks beautifully—on paper; streets intersecting one another at right angles, and these again cut by broad avenues. The practical results of this plan are, that there are a great many triangular pieces of ground which

are utterly worthless; the most conspicuous buildings, on corner lots, are thrown into irregular shapes, which no skill of the architect can remedy; the avenues are so broad that the most approved pavements can not be used except at an enormous expense, and macadamizing must be resorted to,—consequently Washington has become, *par excellence*, the dustiest city in the world.

It would seem that, as far back as 1663, a person of the name of Pope, who was then proprietor of this tract, here projected a magnificent city, which he proposed to call *Rome*; and the miserable and dirty little stream which flows at the foot of Capitol Hill, he dignified with the name of *Tiber*, which it yet bears. Tom Moore (who, it will be recollected, visited Washington in early life) thus sings of the place and the stream:

"In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,  
Come, let me lead you o'er this 'Second Rome,'  
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,  
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now;  
This embryo Capital, where fancy sees  
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;  
Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn  
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,—  
Though naught but woods and Jefferson they see,  
Where streets *should* run and sages *ought* to be."

And here we can not forbear quoting the rhapsody of a local historian on the aforesaid Goose-Creek. Although written by one who bears the name of *Force*, we regard it as an admirable specimen of the forcibly-feeble:

"How singularly, then, has this location become the seat of a great empire! There is a romance around every, even the most common, incident of life; and here we find it. Here, where the name of Rome, the mighty mistress of a world, dead, but unforgotten, was a familiar word,—where even the common tillers of the soil recognized its sound, and applied it to the mighty forest lands that then were here, when in going and returning to their daily work

they crossed the Tiber,—how strangely has it happened that here an empire, greater than the Mother of Empires herself, has been established; that on the land called Rome a Capitol is built, a Senate-house, and a Forum; that here a bridge spans the Tiber; that here is the mansion of a chief magistrate, and all the forms and more than the shadow of a vast republic."

On the 18th of September, 1793, the corner-stone of the old north wing of the Capitol was laid with Masonic honors, on which occasion Washington delivered an impressive speech. The foundations of other public buildings were started, and private dwellings erected. The proprietors of the lands had conveyed to the commissioners the whole area embraced in the city limits, on condition that after the commissioners had appropriated so much thereof as would be required for streets and public buildings, there should be an equal division of the lots between the two parties, by which arrangement the government became possessed of not less than ten thousand lots. In addition to this property, Maryland and Virginia contributed one hundred and ninety-two thousand dollars to defray the expenses of building. The east front of the Capitol was originally designed to be the principal entrance, and it was expected that the city would extend in that direction; but the speculators in lots held them so exorbitantly high that the flow of population was diverted to the opposite direction. Six thousand of these lots had been sold to a company for four hundred and eighty thousand dollars, with the proviso that before 1800 they should erect one hundred and fifty brick houses, and that they should not alien more than three lots for every brick house erected. Other lots sold by the commissioners had yielded ninety-five thousand dollars, and the remaining four thousand seven hundred were estimated at one million

three hundred thousand dollars. These funds proved inadequate, and Congress therefore authorized the commissioners to effect a loan for three hundred thousand dollars, pledging these lots as security; but so rife had speculation been, and so great was public distrust, that only two hundred thousand dollars could be raised, and that sum in Maryland bonds much below par.

The removal of the Capital to Washington took place during the summer of 1800, and Congress met there the ensuing December. The north wing of the building only was completed, which was arranged for the accommodation of both branches, and the President's house exteriorly was finished.

Washington at that time, if we may trust to contemporary notices, must have been a sorry-looking place. Oliver Wolcott, who was Secretary of the Treasury, in a letter to a friend, stated that "there was one good tavern;" that there were but few houses in any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts; that the people were poor, and, as far as he could judge, lived like fishes by eating each other; that all the grounds for several miles around the city, being in the opinion of the people too valuable for cultivation, remained unfenced, and were rated at fourteen to twenty-five cents the superficial foot; that there appeared to be a confident expectation that the place would soon exceed any city in the world; that Mr. Thornton, one of the commissioners, spoke of a population of one hundred and sixty thousand, as a matter of course, in a few years; and that no stranger could be here for a day without conceiving himself in the company of crazy people.

Mrs. Adams was installed as the mistress of the Presidential mansion, and she describes it as being on a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to keep the apartments in proper order; but she complains of many

vexatious annoyances:—no bells; surrounded by woods, yet her whole stock of fuel consisted of only a few cords, when it was necessary to keep up several fires in this great castle to dry the walls and drive away agues; no fences nor out-houses; that she made use of the great audience room for a drying room; that there were no looking-glasses but dwarfs; and not a twentieth part lamps enough to light the house.

On the 25th of August, 1814, Washington, then containing only eight thousand people, was taken by the British, and the Capitol, the President's house, and the departments of the Treasury and State, were fired. Congress assembled soon after, under a special proclamation of the President, and occupied the unfinished rooms of the Patent Office. On the 26th of December, Mr. Fisk, of New York, introduced in the House a resolution, as follows: "*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of removing the seat of government, during the present session of Congress, to a place of greater security and less inconvenience than the city of Washington, with leave to report by bill or otherwise;" which was entertained by a vote of 79 to 37. This resolution gave rise to a long and animated debate—the members in favor of the resolution insisting that the confidence and credit of the nation were identified with the security of the public counsels and the safety of the public records; that the inconveniences of meeting at the Capital were so great that, once away, the government would never consent to return; that it was unwise to appropriate money to rebuild a Capitol where it might again be destroyed in twenty days; that it was owing to the forbearance of the British that Congress had then even a roof to cover their heads; and that the interests of the inhabitants of the District could not for a moment be allowed to enter into

competition with the interests of the Nation.

Mr. Stockton, of New Jersey, thus replied to those who advocated the idea that Washington had been *consecrated* as the Capital of the Nation—as though the act of 1789, authorizing the location, was something higher and more sacred than an ordinary act of legislation, which is repealable; and at the same time, in a summary way, disposed of the claims of the property holders:

"Gentlemen had only to look round to survey the District to judge correctly. A permanent seat of government is not required by the Constitution. A power to fix the seat of government for centuries—forever,—who can believe that the people of the United States would have invested such a power in the Congress of 1789! A power to fix a permanent seat of government, without regard to the alterations, improvements, revolutions, and changes, which would naturally be produced by a good government, an increasing population, and the settlement of the vast regions of the Western country? No, sir!

"The great Washington landlord was not to be compensated because he had converted barren land into city lots and made a fortune out of his sales. Was he to be compensated because he was prevented from making more? The speculator, too, must abide by his loss. The government minion was not to be paid for being torn from his hold. The people of this District were entitled to no more than the same kind of defense afforded to their fellow-citizens.

"The removal of the Capital ought to be decided on principles exclusively public. He had made up his mind with reluctance that a removal was essential to the honor and interest of the nation. The dispersion and capture of the members of Congress would gratify the pride and resentment of the English nation more than any other operations their army on the coast could perform. The

Military Committee estimated that twenty thousand men, costing thirty thousand dollars a day, could defend the Capital. The people of the country would not stand this one month, one week, or one day!"

The result of this debate was that a bill for a temporary removal was ordered to be brought in, by the casting vote of the Speaker—Langdon Cheeves, of South Carolina; but, by the greatest exertions of the Virginian interest, and the urgent appeals of the property holders of the District, the project was defeated.

In 1846 a bill was brought in for the retrocession of Alexandria to the State of Virginia. The debate assumed a range somewhat extended, during which Mr. William Allen, a Senator from Ohio, thus gave expression to his views:

"The location of the seat of government on the Eastern seaboard gave the commercial cities a preponderating influence in the counsels of the United States five hundred-fold to one over the same number of people in the vast interior. They had no committees from the banks of the Missouri, the Mississippi, or even the Ohio, 'lobbying' in these halls to regulate tariff duties. No! they had no association in those Western regions, and delegates to the Capital with the view of obtaining laws to meet the views of individual and sectional interests, instead of the wants and wishes of the great men of the nation. Fifteen hours after a bill was introduced in Congress, Wall street had knowledge of it, and a delegation was on hand to regulate the details of the bill. Thus had their tariffs been formed—thus the commercial interest overruled all others. The great mass of the people lived on the soil—four-fifths of them—and it was in the center that the seat of government should be located." This extract comprises the pith and marrow of the whole question.

Such is a brief sketch of the Congressional action which led to the establishment of the existing Capital, and of the attempts which have been made to remove it. In making this compilation, we have resorted to Hildreth's "History of the United States," to Force's "Picture of Washington," and to a valuable letter of George Alfred Townsend, in the Chicago "Tribune" of October 19, 1869.

The sums which have been voted, at various times, to defray the expenses of erecting public buildings, amount, we believe, to about forty millions of dollars. Some of these edifices are nearly architecturally faultless, such as the Post Office, the Patent Office, the Treasury, and the Capitol, except that the body of most of them is built of a perishable sandstone from Aquia Creek, which is protected by numerous coats of white lead, and therefore is in glaring contrast with the marble or granite which forms the wings. The Smithsonian Institute is the folly of Robert Dale Owen, and, in the structure, every principle of airiness and convenience is sacrificed to external appearance. The Washington Monument, whose managers have resorted to every device, but in vain, to levy contributions on the people of the United States, is another stupendous folly. Built of "Texas" marble, its base will crumble before the cap-stone is laid. The more durable materials which enter into these structures were brought from a distance of four or five hundred miles—from the hills of Berkshire and the sea-coast quarries of Maine and Massachusetts. Perhaps, in the event of the removal of the Capital, it would do to take apart the blocks and convey them to the new site.

We come now to the question, *Ought the Capital to be removed?* We answer emphatically, Yes!

The capital of a great empire should be in a central position, secure from

attack, surrounded by a population which represents the loyalty, the virtue, and strength, of the nation. It should be, to quote the language used by Mr. Jackson in debate before cited, as "the heart in the human body—the center from which the principles of life are carried to the extremes, and from these again return with precision."

The influences brought to bear upon those who are entrusted with the administration of affairs, should emanate not from a particular class, or in a particular section, but from the great body of the people. Paris is France, but London is not England. The present Washington is Wall street; but let us hope that in the heart of the continent there may arise a new Washington, which shall be the reflex of the sober virtues and the substantial industry of the great mass of the people.

Let us see how far the position of the present Capital fulfills these conditions. It is not secure against attack; for, once in its history, it has been sacked and fired by a foreign enemy, and during the Rebellion a large army was required to protect it against a domestic foe. Instead of being in the heart of the Republic, it is at the extreme verge of a territory three thousand miles in breadth. Instead of being readily accessible, it can be approached from the North only over a single line of railway, whose capacity during the war was taxed to the utmost, and whose line required a large army to guard. Its climate is far from genial. Winter is the season of profuse rains, without sufficient cold to consolidate them into ice and snow, and hence the roads become almost impassable; while the scorching heats of summer dry up the grasses of the fields. To the large body of officials who are compelled to reside there, the protracted heats are as depressing as those of the tropics. The miasms generated from the marshes of the Potomac, and the sewage

poured into the big ditch dignified with the name of "The Canal," are prolific in fevers and agues, and the "White House," during the warm months, is deserted by the President.

It has no resident population of men who have retired from the active pursuits of business, to live a life of generous hospitality, or of men who would pursue a life of learned research; and the character of the society, apart from such as is to be found among those who have an official residence, or are there as visitors, is hollow and superficial. While the public buildings have an impressive grandeur, the private buildings are contemptible—as though diamonds were set in pinchbeck; but they subserve the purposes of their erection, viz.: shops, restaurants, and boarding-houses. Perhaps there is no city where the contrast between opulence and poverty is so marked; where the government lavishes its wealth so liberally, and where the individual doles it out so niggardly.

The surroundings are far from attractive;—no handsome villas, with graveled walks, trimmed hedges, shrubbery, orchards, and greensward. The soil, never rich, has become exhausted by repeated croppings, without having been restored by any fertilizing principle. There are few or no vegetable gardens to supply the wants of a great city; and hence the Washington markets are the poorest in the country. The exhausted soil supports, in many places, a growth of scrubby pine, and in others stretches out in barren wastes.

But there are moral and political considerations not to be overlooked. As the chameleon takes the hue of the object on which it rests, so they who administer the government are instinctively influenced by local associations. They mistake the opinions of those who, by geographical position, have ready access to the Capital, for the great popular sentiment. A local in-

fluence is created which is all-powerful. The history of Washington City illustrates the truth of this remark. When, in 1789, the North consented to remove the Capital to the banks of the Potomac, she resorted to a most effectual method to surrender up the government to the control of the slave-power. Hedged in between Maryland and Virginia, the Capital became essentially a Southern city. The tone of its society, the habits of the people, and their mode of expression, were essentially Southern. As, in approaching a large manufacturing city, a dense cloud of smoke is seen enveloping it like a pall, long before the towers and spires are visible, so over Washington, before the Rebellion, there hung an atmosphere which, to the Northern man, was noxious. Men who, before their constituents, exhibited a fair degree of manhood, when brought into the presence of the slave-power, stood quailed and dumb, or spoke of the "institution" with "bated breath and whispering humbleness." Otherwise, social position, which every man values, and political preferment, which *nearly* every man aspires to, were denied him. There was never, perhaps, in any community, an ostracism so rigorous and inexorable as that exercised when Mason, Toombs, and Brooks, held sway in Congress. It reached from the President down through all grades of Washington society. When Sumner was stricken down on the floor of the Senate by a dastardly blow, there was hardly a resident of the District who had the manhood to protest against the outrage.

Happily, these malign influences have passed away forever. But there are other influences to which we will advert. So long as the Capital remains where it is, the people of the Mississippi Valley will be excluded from their just influence in the administration of the government. The commercial cities of the sea-board will dictate its policy.

"Those who are always most adjacent to the seat of legislation," said Mr. Madison, "will always possess advantages over others." The money power of Wall street, the commercial power of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, and the tariff interests of New England and Pennsylvania, are always represented by "lobbyists," ready to mold legislation to suit their views. "There are no committees," said Senator Allen, "from the banks of the Mississippi, the Missouri, or even the Ohio," to claim special privileges. "Fifteen hours" (he might have said, had the telegraph been in use when the sentiment was uttered, fifteen minutes) "after a bill is introduced, Wall street has knowledge of it," and a delegation is on its way to regulate its details. "The great mass of the people live on the soil—four-fifths of them,—and it is in the center that the seat of government should be located."

The commercial interests of the Great Lakes, the agricultural interests of the Mississippi Valley, and the mining interests of the Pacific Slope, are quite as worthy of recognition as the interests to which we have adverted. Would it not be quite as commendable on the part of the Secretary of the Treasury to liberate currency to aid in the movement of Western crops to the sea-board, as to sell gold to break the power of an infamous ring in Wall street?

This gambling in public and private securities, by which the earnings of patient labor are wiped out in a twinkling, this special legislation in aid of private interests, this conforming of the policy of the government to suit individual views, is the bane and curse of modern society; and it is our belief that the removal of the Capital into the midst of an agricultural population would exert a wholesome influence.

Under the next apportionment of representation, the political power of this nation, for all time, will be trans-

ferred to the Mississippi Valley. The conditions of soil and climate, and the slight obstacles to intercommunication over vast areas, all concur to develop here a homogeneous people. Their political power will enable them to dictate the policy of the government, and their virtue and intelligence will be the standard by which the virtue and intelligence of the nation are to be rated. As the first example of the exercise of that power, let the Capital be removed. It will be an act of emancipation from a thralldom which has too long fettered the West, and deprived her people of their due political influence.

The bluffs of the Upper Mississippi afford many sites admirably fitted for a nation's Capital. That river is the great geognostic feature of the continent—the dividing line between what now forms the East and the West, and nearly midway between the Gulf and the northern limit of cultivable land. Such a position would accommodate the extremes of the Republic. It would be the point where the traveler from the Pacific Coast would first be inclined to pause, and also the traveler from the Atlantic, before he took his departure Westward. The climate of the region is invigorating, and the soil productive. In a Capital situated in the heart of the Food-producing States, the cost of living would never be exorbitantly high. The materials for construction, such as stone, lime, brick, and lumber, and the useful ores and minerals, such as coal, iron, lead, and copper, are abundant, and readily accessible by land and water conveyance.

The cost of building up a new Capitol is insignificant, when that cost will be apportioned among one hundred millions of people. If the States of Iowa and Illinois were to grant to the United States an area of ten miles square, embracing both banks of the Mississippi, for the purposes of found-

ing a Capital, the moment the act was consummated, the enhanced value communicated to the property would more than pay all the costs of removal and reconstruction.

When Constantine transferred from Rome to Constantinople the seat of empire, it was found that population at once concentrated around the new capital, and before the lapse of a century

it rivaled the old capital in the extent and grandeur of the buildings, and in the number and opulence of its citizens. So, on the banks of the Mississippi, before the lapse of a decade, would rise another Washington, preëminent over the old in all those accessories which should characterize the seat of a magnificent Republic.

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### MY CONFESSION.

BY ELLIS YETTE.

I SAT a long time on the cliffs that night, looking at the sea. The sun set behind clouds of crimson and gold, the waves rolled in on the beach in broken sheets of flame, the sky paled to an amber hue, and the gray twilight slowly appeared; but still I lingered.

On the morrow I should be far away. Then I should be no more Muriel Browning, but Muriel Weir—Paul Weir's wife. There were no dark clouds in my thoughts, as I sat there dreaming of the future. There would be no loosing of dear ties, no severing of the links of love and tenderness. I was gaining all, losing nothing. The future lay before me as a summer sea—bright, beautiful, glorious; each ripple tinted in the warm yellow light; each drop of spray sparkling in the sunshine; each wave rolling proudly to its sure and certain haven. Had I forgotten that the twilight had gathered and the night would come?

The moon rose full and clear, shedding its mellow light on the restless rolling sea, and throwing dark shadows from the rugged rocks which surrounded me. I watched her as she glided on her way in the blue sky, dotted with soft fleecy clouds, which, near the horizon, were gathered in a gray hazy line. It

was a quiet, peaceful hour. The moon smiled lovingly upon me, as I leaned back in my rocky seat, and, looking at her, thought that only the calm, deep happiness of my own heart surpassed the quiet loveliness of the scene. So still! so calm! Only the far-off breaking of the waves on the beach below came to my ear; and the silver moon seemed a goddess of silence, gazing down through space upon a quiet world.

It has been said that the most intense happiness is but a step removed from the deepest misery; reach the boundary, cross the dividing line—and one falls as far as from heaven to hell. I do not say that this is true; that in any earthly feeling or affection there can be heights as high as heaven, or depths as low as hell; but that it is possible to reach the very apex of happiness, and to fall, at one plunge, to the deepest gulf of misery, I do believe.

I think something of this kind of thought passed through my mind that night;—a fear lest the happiness I possessed might be too great to last; lest the rose of love in my hand might be grasped too closely, and crush the bee within. It might have been, for a longing grew up in my heart to die then, when I was so happy; to die

then, with Paul, when our sky was so bright, our love so deep; to die before sorrow or change had come—together to cross the dark river, and reach the world of unending happiness beyond.

But a sound came to my ear; not the dashing of the waves below, but a voice—a voice calling my name. I listened; I heard it then distinctly.

"Muriel!" How the tone thrilled through me!

"Here, Paul," I answered.

He came to me. I saw his tall form climbing up the rocks long before he reached me.

"Here so late, little one?" he said, as he stooped to kiss me. "I have been looking everywhere for you; but I might have known you were here on your beloved cliffs. I shall be jealous of them, if you like them so much better than my society."

"Be quiet, please, Paul, and sit down," I said; "I have not done looking at the sea yet."

"Yes, this is your last look at it now, Muriel; to-morrow night you—we—shall be at home."

Those five little words, how much they said to me! I thought them over in the few minutes in which we were silent. "We shall be at home." *We*, Paul and I, in *our* home. My first real home; I should never have but two. This was to be my first; where would my second be? How happily I could have died at that moment; there, in Paul's arms, with my hand in his! But whether living or dying, it must be together; nothing should separate us. My fingers tightened over his in a convulsive clasp. He started and looked at me in surprise.

"Paul," I said, drawing closer to him, "I wish I could die now, when I am so happy!"

"Die, Muriel? and because you are happy? You must not talk so, darling. What could I do without you?"

Then, looking up into the dark eyes

bent upon me, and reading there all his love and tenderness, I could not wish to leave him, scarcely wish to die—unless——

We went home then. I had been there too long, Paul said, as he smoothed my damp hair, on which the dew lay thick. We were a long time crossing the cliffs and the meadow beyond. Perhaps we lingered to enjoy the beauty of the moonlight, or to think sweet thoughts of the bright future which stretched before us, marred by no deserts, overshadowed by no clouds. We parted at the gate of my home. Paul would not go in, but left me there with my hand still warm from his fond clasp, and his whispered words, "It is the last time, darling!" still ringing in my ear.

"The last"—those little words oftentimes so fraught with bitterness! "The last" word of the dying; "the last" kiss, remembered long after the dear lips are cold in death; "the last" meeting; "the last" parting;—how they bring to us memories of "the days that are no more;" of all that is most precious, blessed, never-to-be-forgotten; of what has been and may not be again! But that night they brought only joy to my heart; there seemed no undertone of sadness; only, like the sweet discord of the seventh, they indicated an unfinished, imperfected joy, which would be fully reached, surely as the resolution, on the morrow.—So I stood at the gate, and watched Paul until he was out of sight. Then I entered the house.

How well I remember it as it looked that night! The square, stiff building, standing out boldly in the moonlight, was flanked by tall trees, while behind it rose a range of hills. A straight gravel walk led to the front door, bordered with prim flower-beds, edged with box. There was a garden-seat at the right, and one at the left in the same angle. A damask rose under the drawing-room window corresponded with a similar

rose under the corresponding parlor-window. Even the beds of pansies and verbenas were ranged on either side of the path in the same order. It was this stiff, prim, old-fashioned house that I called my home; not because it was the place where the heart, with all its best and holiest feelings, centered; where those who were near and dear lived; around which memories, precious even in their pain, clung with caressing tenderness; where there were rooms sacred to the presence of one who had gone, one who I hoped would still love me up in heaven; where there had been partings and meetings, loves and losses; but I called it home because I had none other.

Years before, my cousin, Sarah Grant, had brought me there, after my mother died, a pale, sickly child, pining not so much for the fresh country air, which she said I needed, as for the love and sympathy she could not give. I lived with her, not on her charity, but she was my only relative. My little fortune amply sufficed for my wants, and I was no expense to her, although a great burden. This I felt, child though I was; and as soon as possible I was sent away to school. It was at my own request, for I knew we should both be happier when separated. She did not like me; I was in her way. My playthings annoyed her, my childish ways fretted her, and a certain amount of attention would be expected from her to her friendless cousin. Perhaps I wronged her; but childish eyes see clearly.

When I returned from school there was the same want of love between us, the same lack of kind feeling and regard; but as all cause for real dislike was removed, a sort of passive antagonism took the place of the old active one.

My life was aimless, my heart empty. It could not be otherwise. I had nothing to live for, nothing to love. The frivol-

ties which made my cousin's existence had no charms for me. Her superficial tastes, fashionable friends, false ideas of life, and narrow views, I held in contempt. Now, looking back through the mist of past and passing years, I feel only pity for the weakness I once despised.

So I lived alone, unloved, uncared for; busied with my daily walks and reading, and striving to stifle the vague yearnings for something higher and nobler, something beyond the aimless life of which I was so weary. If there had been one helping hand, one voice to tell me of a worthier life, one word of advice and sympathy, some one to point to a path less centered in self—true and noble—I would have been a truer, nobler woman. Any one more or less gifted would have been happier. I had not strength to mark out a life worth the living, nor weakness to tamely submit to a life which was useless. Had my sight been clearer, I might have looked through that tinsel and dross to the true aims and ends of existence; had I been yet weaker, I should have been content to be what those around me were—vain, frivolous, worldly.

Then I met Paul Weir. He was a young physician, just entering upon his profession. I liked him at the first. I felt instinctively that he was true; that, among all the false jewels glittering around me, he was real. It was a great pleasure to meet him among those fashionable people—brave in all his sense of right and truth, strong and unflinching in duty, making his principles and opinions respected even there. Then I believed that there were truth and goodness and reality in the world—not merely in the world of letters, not confined to the musty volumes of unread libraries, but that they were reality, and carried out in daily life. I was never weary of his conversations with others, although to me he said

nothing. But that was at first. Perhaps he noticed, after a time, how little interest I took in the gay assemblies at my cousin's, and how wearied I was with it all; for he began to talk to me and pay me little quiet attentions, as he might to a sister. He always managed to bring me out, and make me talk, whether I would or not, and when he went away left me something to reason and ponder over. He taught me to forget myself; but with that lesson I learned another, which I thought he did not mean to teach me. I never hoped that he, Paul Weir, would love me, Muriel Browning. I knew my deficiencies; there was no need of the reminder I so often had. Ever since my childhood I had been painfully conscious of my want of beauty, and had suffered accordingly,—suffered as I think almost every woman does who has love and perception for the beautiful; not so much from a craving for admiration, as from the wish she has to be beautiful because she loves beauty.

Doctor Weir did not seem to be conscious of my deficiencies, and I blessed him for it. 'Not that I did not suppose he saw them as plainly as others; but I knew his tact and kindness, and felt that he respected my weakness. It was no wonder that I learned to love him—he so noble and true—without one thought of his returning my affection; without a wish, except to be permitted to love him forever with that blind idolatry. And it was idolatry; I loved him too well. Not positively, but comparatively; for I loved him better than my Maker.

And he returned my affection! It was long before I knew it; but oh! the joy condensed, almost tortured, into pain, which that knowledge gave me! Loved me! How my starved, craving woman's heart crept into life then! How the chill gray of the dawn gave place to the warm, glad sunshine of the open day! How my poor, thin life rounded into health

and strength, and the lips which had scarcely breathed a prayer, trembled out their thanksgiving and joy! Oh, the joy to know that I was the one, above all others, whom he chose for his own, his wife!—I, so little worthy of him! I well remember how he once repeated those words he had read to me:

"I am worthy of thy loving; for I love thee—  
I am worthy as a king."

I never forgot them. Worthy of him I could never be; but if my love could lessen my unworthiness, it was very precious to me.

So we were to be married on the morrow, and that was the eve before my bridal.

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There was a quiet wedding at St. Peter's. I believe there were several persons present; but I saw only Paul. Unflinching the words, "for better, for worse; for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health; to love and to cherish," were said—and we were one. My husband took me from congratulations, of which I was only half conscious, put me in a carriage, and we went home. Home! Through the dust and confusion of our journey, through the noise and heat of the train and the bustle of the stations, that little word kept ringing in my ears. It would be home anywhere with *him*!

Years have passed since then; many times the roses have bloomed and faded, and the yellow autumn leaves have fallen, and the wintry winds of sorrow swept chillingly across my heart; but they could not take from me the memory—most precious now, when peace and joy are only memories—of the peace and happiness of my home.

It was night when we reached it, and Paul sent me directly to my room. I was very weary, and I was to rest until he called me, while he went to see that his arrangements for my comfort had been carried out. It was such a rest to be there in the dimly-lighted room,

while muffled sounds of life came up from below, which soothed instead of disturbing me. I felt like a child, who, starting from a fearful dream, finds itself safely cradled in its mother's arms, caressed and tenderly loved,—every fear vanished, every joy come. My husband's love was such a tower of strength to me, such a rest. I was so safe, so cared for, so loved. My cup of joy seemed full. Another drop and it would have overflowed. It was withheld.

I was very happy then. The days passed quickly while I was learning my new duties as housekeeper, taking long walks with Paul, and talking to him in the evening. In his absence I read his books, lingering longest over passages he had marked, and loving them better for the penciling on the margin.

But a darkness—stealing slowly, silently, imperceptibly, like the first faint grayness of the twilight—came upon me. I grew moody, gloomy, and fitful. I could not bear that Paul should leave me for an instant. More than once that shadow, which had come and gone like an April cloud on the night before my bridal, crossed my path. The momentary fear lest we might be separated, the passing wish that we might die together, grew upon me day by day; strengthened from fear to terror, from a wish to an intense desire. Paul was very anxious on my account, and very much perplexed. My health appeared good, and, when he could interest me in any subject, I conversed as usual. I know he feared that something was preying on my mind; for he asked me numerous questions, which, at the time, surprised me.

One evening I underwent a thorough catechising. My husband became suddenly interested in my early history, of which I had little or nothing to relate. What I knew of my parents I had before told him. My father had been a lawyer in Boston, and died in my in-

fancy; my mother, who was herself an orphan, a few years later. Then I went to live with my father's cousin, Sarah Grant, who was his only relative.

Had I heard from her lately?

I remember how anxiously he asked this. He was standing by the fire, (it was a chilly autumn evening), leaning against the mantel-piece. A dark shadow rested on his handsome face as he fixed his eyes upon me and awaited my reply.

Once;—he had read the letter; I received it soon after I came home. It was merely a summary of the festivities which followed my marriage, ending with regrets that I had persisted in being married in my traveling dress, when I might have had a grand wedding; and hoping that I would not fail to profit by her religious and charitable example.

He looked relieved, but continued his questions until I was tired.

"Paul," I asked, impatiently, "why do you question me thus?"

"Because you are changed, Muriel; you are no longer the happy bride of three months ago. You are strangely altered. Something is troubling you, and you do not tell me and let me comfort you. Is this right, little wife?"

"No; I have no one to care for—no one but you," I answered, vaguely.

"And that is not enough, little one?"

He sat down by me and laid my head on his shoulder, softly stroking my hair the while.

"Oh, what I mean, dear—that I have nothing to trouble about."

"Not that my love is not enough, darling?" he interrupted.

"No; your love makes me richer than a queen, Paul, and I am very happy."

So I was at that moment; and yet, with his arm around me, my head on his shoulder, and his kisses on my cheek,—I could have strangled him!

He was only half satisfied. Oh, if I could have told him all—he, my patient, noble husband!—he would have

borne with me, trusted me, and believed that I was only mad in my love for him!

He said no more then; but was more watchful, loving and gentle with me than ever before. Sometimes when I entered his office without knocking—which I often did when I thought he was alone—I noticed that he would hastily close the book he was reading, and put it away. Once, when my curiosity had been roused, I noted its place, and found it to be a "Treatise on the Diseases of the Brain." It was a subject much written and talked of at that time, and he was, of course, much interested in it. My curiosity was baffled, and all my husband's care and watchfulness did not solve the mystery of my altered conduct.

I did not passively yield to the infatuation creeping over me. God knows I struggled as only those do struggle who feel that a power stronger than themselves is closing upon them, binding them with chains, and hurrying them on to destruction. Struggled—aye, and prayed as I had never done before, that the phantom which stood between us and happiness, which cast its unearthly shadow on peace and love, and made joy a memory, a dream which had past, might be put away from me, and the brimming cup of pleasure withdrawn, if with its sweetness was mingled so much bitterness. I tried not to think; I shut my eyes, that I might not see. I read, walked, studied, filled my rooms with the gay and worldly, and was the gayest and most frivolous among them all; but they did not hear, as I did—shudderingly, fearfully—the low, chuckling laugh which echoed mine, the phantom form which was ever at my side.

Days, weeks, months passed, and I struggled on, ever growing weaker, more hopeless and more despairing. A stronger will at length conquered mine, and—goaded to the last stage of

endurance, suffering more than I thought it possible that any human being could suffer—I yielded.

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When the last gray in the twilight of my life faded, leaving me in its darkest night, it was winter. The snow lay in unbroken sheets in the garden, the trees bent beneath the weight of their feathery burden, and the clear and bright sunny days were a fearful contrast to the gloomy state of my mind. And yet on the last evening that Paul and I were together I was very happy. The wearying struggle, the bitter suffering, the keenest pang, were over; before the morning broke we should both be dead. I thought of it quietly, calmly, without fear or agitation. I gayly thanked my husband for a new penknife he had brought me, and laughingly asked if it were sharp. I carefully tried it with my finger, and a drop of blood stained its shining blade. So I consecrated it to its work.

Paul read to me nearly all the evening. I saw that he was much pleased with my altered manner, and the dark cloud which had rested on his face so long seemed lifted, and his own sunny smile broke forth once more. When I stood by the fire, a few minutes before retiring, he gave me a kiss for being, as he said, such a good child. I had not moped at all that evening; and I threw my arms around his neck (it was the last time) and pressed on his lips my farewell kiss.

I went to bed at my usual hour, but not to sleep. Medusa was never more wakeful. I heard the clock strike twelve, and every stroke beat into my heart. Then all was still again; not a sound came to my ear; not a mouse scratched in the wall. I listened. Paul was sleeping quietly; his breathing even as a child's. I stole softly from my place, and my bare feet pressed the thick carpet without a sound. Slowly I crept to the dressing-table, deluged a

handkerchief with chloroform, took the penknife brought for the purpose, and then stole softly to Paul's side. His face was in the shadow; but his hand lay on the white bed, in the bright moonlight. I looked at him as he lay there sleeping so quietly, so utterly unconscious of the evil which awaited him, and for an instant I wavered. But the moon looked with me, and she smiled a cold, cruel smile, and her light glittered like a sneer on the sparkling blade in my hand; and the phantom crept again to my side, looked over my shoulder, and hissed his message in my ear.

Paul stirred in his sleep. I awaited an instant with suspended breath, threw the handkerchief over his face, and again deluged it with chloroform. Gently I unfastened his sleeve, and bared the arm, which lay on the counterpane, to the elbow. The moon aided me. In the bright light I distinctly saw the vein stand out blue, full, and throbbing, in which ran the life-blood of him I loved better than my own soul;—for at that moment, standing over him, the knife glittering in my hand, and with a cool determination to kill him, I—his wife—loved him better, far better, than my own soul.

With a steady hand I began my work. Holding his arm firmly, I placed the blade lengthwise on the vein; it grazed the skin and glided off. Again I tried, this time with better effect; for the blood started in little tremulous drops and rolled off the arm. I pressed it deeper, firmer;—but at that instant a spasm seemed to contract the arm, and it was snatched violently away; and looking up I met Paul Weir's eyes fixed on me in a wild, unearthly stare; saw his horror-stricken face; heard his exclamation of terror and dismay,—and knew no more.

When I returned to consciousness I was reclining in an arm-chair, and some one was bathing my face with sal-

volatile. On opening my eyes I saw my husband quickly move from me, and when he had put half the width of the room between us, stand still and look at me with such an expression of mingled contempt, disgust, and pity, that I could not bear it.

"Paul," I said.

"Yes, 'Paul,'" he answered, mockingly; "do you wish to finish your work?"

He pointed to his arm as he spoke. It was bandaged, and the sleeve, rolled to the elbow, was stained with blood. It seemed some hideous dream, and I looked at him, dressed as he had been the night before,—to my own apparel, and the shawl thrown over my shoulders,—to him, and again to myself,—before I remembered what had passed. Then all came back to me. No wonder that my husband regarded me with that expression of disgust and pity; no wonder that he felt contempt for one whom he had loved and cherished, and who seemed to return his affection, and had been a hypocrite so long; who had nestled in his bosom, and attempted to take his life!

I could not bear it, and I told him all. I went over the past year clearly and fully,—beginning with the evening when I sat alone on the cliffs, and the wish I then felt to die because I was happy, when I was happy and with him. I went through all its stages, from a passing wish to a most uncontrollable desire. I kept back nothing. I told him of my suffering struggles and prayers; of the power which I could not resist, and which had controlled me; of my love, dearer than life, stronger than death; of the voice which had goaded me on to madness; and then I prayed him, on my knees, to pity me, believe me, forgive me!

He did not once interrupt me, but sat down when I began, and listened without a word. I watched his face as I went on. I saw it change from contempt to incredulity, and when I had

finished, I read there only sorrow and love.

He held out his hand to me, saying in tones of sorrowful tenderness, "Poor Muriel! poor child!"

But I drew back; I dared not take his hand; dared never take it again. He forgave me, trusted me, when I had nearly been his murderer, and well-nigh broken his heart. He should not tempt me to take his life again. I told him this through tears; entreated him to leave me, that I might not bring the curse of Cain upon my soul, and myself enter unbidden into the presence of my Maker.

All that night a man's firm, slow step was heard pacing up and down the room below, never pausing, never stopping, until the gray dawn appeared, and purple and flame clouds gathered above the eastern hills. All that night a woman sat crouching on the floor in the room above; never moving, scarcely breathing; only listening, with despair on her face and in her cold gray eyes, to the firm, slow footsteps in the room below.

So the night passed. When the day broke, and the dawn crept shiveringly into the world, the footsteps ceased, and then were distinctly heard on the stairs. They paused at the door of a room where a woman sat listening to them with suspended breath and fixed, unseeing eyes. They passed the threshold slowly, steadily, with a cold, hollow sound, like clods falling on a coffin. The clock struck twice ere they were heard again. Then a woman's bent and drooping form passed the threshold—never to cross it again!

The night which followed the twilight of that glorious summer day has been dark and dreary. Six years have crept with slow, uncertain footsteps to their graves, since I passed from the room, in the cold gray of the morning, from which I had well-nigh been carried a murderer and a suicide. But through it all, through all the misery

and anguish of this night of sorrow, there has been one ray of—shall I call it peace? Something which is neither hope nor joy, neither content nor happiness; but something which has soothed all, comforted all. My husband forgave, believed, trusted everything. He told me plainly that I was a monomaniac; that my brain, sound, healthy, responsible, in all other respects, was in one hopelessly diseased.

His plans for the future were laid in those terrible hours that followed my confession, and which he told me that morning. They have been fully carried out. For six years I have lived beneath this roof, miles and miles from my own home, and only twice have I met my husband face to face. Yet his care and love ever surround me. All that taste and art can do to please the eye and gladden the heart has been done in this, my home. Only the echo of a maniac's laugh ever comes to my distant rooms, and I have ceased to shudder at the knowledge that, live as long as I may, and die when I may, my life and death will be in a mad-house. My husband has tried to make it *home*, and I call it so; only praying daily, almost hourly, that I may go to that last, best home, where no shadows ever come. Yet always adding (and thank God that I have learned to do so, even through so much misery), "Not my will, but Thine, be done."

And Paul lives in his lonely home. And I picture him so often, coming in the dull twilight, with no voice to welcome him, no face to brighten at his coming, no Muriel watching for him. I think of his dreary evenings and silent meals; and I see him sitting wearily before the fire, with the shadows deepening on his face and the silver threads thickening in his hair; and I think that he is growing old, while I am young and strong, and that God may take him first, and leave me without even a farewell; and sometimes my

heart cries out in its anguish, that my burden is greater than I can bear. The shadow cast on my life has darkened Paul's, and I know that for long years he has been bowed down with a heavy and aching heart.

But the wild yearnings of my own heart—who can tell? Who knows how the months drag their weary length along; how the cruel craving to see him so wrings my heart, that I would crawl hundreds of miles in the dust for one word, one look into his face,—one word, one look, if he hated and spurned me,—and then thank God and die? But my punishment is just. I have loved the creature more than the Creator, and I have been taken from him, through more than the gates of death, into another world.

But twice I have been very ill. They were the happiest and brightest spots in my night of gloom. Paul was with me, watched over me, never left me. While my illness continued, I was free from my demon; but when I grew better, it returned in full force, and darkness gathered anew.

Six long years of night have passed, and they may be doubled. I may live until old age; the rest may be far off: God only knows. Oh, Paul! Paul! my husband! would that I were lying at your feet, cold and still as the marble slabs in the church-yard, and this blight were taken from your life!

It may be only midnight; but it may be that the night is far spent, and the day is at hand.

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF WORDS.

### II.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

**F**EW persons realize the significance of language. The Gothic nations, who supposed that their mysterious alphabetical characters, called "Runes," possessed magical powers; that they could stop a sailing vessel or a flying arrow; that they could excite love or hate, or even raise the dead; did not exaggerate the force of words. There are words which are sharper than drawn swords, which give more pain than a score of blows; and again—

"I have known a word more gentle  
Than the breath of summer air;  
In a listening heart it nestled,  
And it lived forever there:  
Not the beating of its prison  
Stirred it ever, night or day;  
Only with the heart's last throbbing  
Could it ever fade away."

A late writer has truly said that "there may be phrases which shall be palaces to dwell in, treasure-houses to

explore; a single word may be a window from which one may perceive all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. Oftentimes a word shall speak what accumulated volumes have labored in vain to utter; there may be years of crowded passion in a word, and half a life in a sentence."

There is no study more fascinating, or which more richly repays the trouble, than that of the etymology or primitive significations of words. It is an epoch in one's intellectual history when he first learns that words are living and not dead things; that, like the pre-Adamite rock, which reveals to us the animal and vegetable forms of ages long gone by, they lock up truths once known but now forgotten, and tell us of the thoughts and feelings, the habits, customs, opinions, virtues, and vices, of men long since in their graves. To

eyes thus opened, dictionaries, instead of seeming huge masses of word-lumber, become vast storehouses of historical memorials, than which none are more vital in spirit or more pregnant with meaning. It is not in oriental fairy-tales only that persons drop pearls every time they open their mouths;—like Molière's *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, who had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, we are dropping gems from our lips in almost every hour of the day. Not a thought or feeling or wish can we utter without recalling, by an unconscious sign or symbol, some historic fact, some memory of "auld lang syne," some by-gone custom, some vanished superstition, some exploded prejudice, or some ethical divination that has lost its charm. Even the homeliest and most familiar words, the most hackneyed phrases, are connected by imperceptible ties with the hopes and fears, the reasonings and reflections, of by-gone men and times. Emerson beautifully calls language fossil poetry; but it is not less truly fossil philosophy, art, and history; and many a single word, as Archbishop Trench has remarked, is itself "a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it." And the older the word, the profounder and more beautiful the meanings it will often be found to enclose; for words of late growth speak to the head, not to the heart; thoughts and feelings are too subtle for new words. Richter has finely said that "every language is a dictionary of faded metaphors;" and it is but too true that languages, in their present state, in which the words have lost their original concrete sense, and have become a mass of mere conventional signs, are but herbariums in which lie pressed and preserved, but unappreciated, the dry forms of words that once were green with life and beauty, but are now only the relics of their former

selves. It is the use of words when new and fresh from the lips of their inventors, before their vivid and picturesque meanings have faded out or been obscured by their many secondary significations, that gives such pictorial beauty, pith, and raciness, to the early writers; and hence to recall language, to restore its early meanings, to re-mint it in novel forms, is the secret of all effective writing and speaking—of all verbal expression which is to leave, as was said of the eloquence of Pericles, stings in the minds and memories of the hearers.

How pregnant often with instruction is the history of a word! Coleridge somewhere says that there are cases where more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign. Were all the histories of England swept from existence, the study of its language—developing the fact that the basis of the language is Saxon, that the names of the prominent objects of nature are Celtic, the terms of war and government Norman-French, the ecclesiastical terms Latin—would enable us to reconstruct a large part of the story of the past, as it even now enables us to verify many of the statements of the chroniclers. Humboldt, in his "*Cosmos*," eulogizes the study of words as one of the richest sources of historical knowledge; and it is probable that what comparative philology, yet in its infancy, has already discovered, will compel a rewriting of the history of the world. Even now it has thrown light on many of the most perplexing problems of religion, history, and ethnography; and it seems destined to triumphs of which we can but dimly apprehend the consequences. On the stone tablets of the universe God's own finger has written the changes which millions of years have wrought on the mountain and the plain; and in the fluid air, which he coins into spoken words, man has

preserved forever the grand facts of his past history and the grand processes of his inmost soul. "Nations and languages against dynasties and treaties," is the cry which is remodeling the map of Europe; and in our country, comparative philologists—to their shame be it said—have labored with satanic zeal to prove the impossibility of a common origin of languages and races, in order to justify, by scientific arguments, the theory of slavery. It has been said that the interpretation of *one word* in the Vedas fifty years earlier would have saved many Hindoo widows from being burned alive; and the philologists of England and Germany yet expect to prove to the Brahmins that *caste* is not a religious institution, and has no authority in their sacred writings,—the effect of which will be to enable the British government to inflict penalties for the observance of the rules of *caste*, without violating its promise to respect the religion of the natives, and thus to relieve India from the greatest incubus and clog on its progress.

Few persons are aware how much knowledge is sometimes necessary to give the etymology and definition of a word. It is easy to define words, as certain persons satirized by Pascal have defined *light*: "A luminary movement of luminous bodies;" or as a Western judge once defined *murder* to a jury: "Murder, gentlemen, is when a man is murderously killed. It is the *murdering* that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. Murder, in short, is—murder." We have all smiled at Johnson's definition of *network*: "Network—anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections." Many of the definitions in our dictionaries remind one of Bardolph's attempt to analyze the term *accommodation*: "Accommodation—that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is

being whereby he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing." *Brimstone*, for example, the lexicographer defines by telling us that it is *sulphur*; and then rewards us for the trouble we have had in turning to *sulphur*, by telling us that it is *brimstone*. The eccentric Davy Crockett, whose exterior roughness veiled a great deal of mother wit, happily characterized this whole tribe of lexicographers by a remark he once made to a Western member of Congress. When the latter, in a speech on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, wearied his hearers by incessant repetition—"Sit down," whispered Crockett, "you are coming out of the same hole you went in at." It is said that the forty members of the French Academy once undertook to define the word *crab*, and hit upon this, which they deemed quite satisfactory: "Crab—a small red fish, which walks backward." "Perfect, gentlemen," said Cuvier, when interrogated touching the correctness of the definition; "perfect—only I will make one small observation in natural history. The crab is *not* a fish, it is *not* red, and it does *not* walk backward. With these exceptions, your definition is admirable." Too many easily-made definitions are liable to similar damaging exceptions. The truth is, no word can be truly defined until the exact idea is understood, in all its relations, which the word is designed to represent. Let a man undertake to define the word "alkali" or "acid," for instance, and he will have to encounter some pretty hard problems in chemistry. Lavoisier, the author of the terminology of modern chemistry, tells us that when he undertook to form a nomenclature of that science, and while he proposed to himself nothing more than to improve the chemical language, his work transformed itself by degrees, and without his being able to prevent it, into a treatise upon the elements of chemistry. A similar experience was that of Samuel

Bailey, who held a derivative opinion in favor of Berkeley's "Theory of Vision;" but having, in the course of a philosophical discussion, occasion to explain it, found, on attempting to state in *his own language* the grounds on which it rested, that they no longer appeared to him to be so clear and conclusive as he had fancied them to be. He determined, therefore, to make them the subject of a patient and dispassionate examination; and the result was a clear conviction of the erroneousness of Berkeley's theory, the philosophical grounds for which conviction he has so ably and luminously set forth in his book on the subject. The truth is, accurate definitions of the terms of any science can only follow accurate and sharply-defined notions of the science itself. Try to define the words *matter, substance, idea, will, cause, conscience, virtue, right*, and you will soon ascertain whether you have grappled with the grand problems or only skimmed the superficies of metaphysics and ethics.

There is no way in which men so often become the victims of error as by an imperfect understanding of certain words which are artfully used by their superiors. Cynicism is seldom shallower than when it sneers at what it contemptuously calls the power of words over the popular imagination. If men are agreed about things, what, it is asked, can be more foolish than to dispute about names? But while it is true that in the physical world things dominate over names, and are not at the mercy of a shifting vocabulary, yet in the world of ideas—of history, philosophy, ethics, and poetry—words triumph over things, are even equivalent to things, and are as truly the living organism of thought as the eyes, lips, and entire physiognomy of a man, are the media of the soul's expression. A volume might be written on the mutual influence of language and opinion,

showing that the opinion we entertain of an object does not more powerfully influence the mind in applying to it a name or epithet, than the epithet or name influences the opinion. As the forms in which we clothe the outward expression of our feelings react with mighty force upon the heart, so our speculative opinions are greatly confirmed or invalidated by the technical terms we employ. Fiery words, it has been truly remarked, are the hot blast that inflames the fuel of our passionate nature, and formulated doctrine a hedge that confines the discursive wanderings of the thoughts. The words that have helped us to conquer the truth, often become the very tyrants of our convictions; and phrases once big with meaning are repeated till they "ossify the very organs of intelligence." False or partial definitions often lead into dangerous errors; an impassioned polemic falls a victim to his own logic, and a wily advocate becomes the dupe of his own rhetoric.

Words, in short, are excellent servants, but the most tyrannical of masters. Some men can command them, but a vast majority are commanded by them. As Hobbes, himself a great master of words, once said: "They are the money of wise men, the counters of fools." There are words which have exercised a more iron rule, swayed with a more despotic power, than Caesar or the Russian Czar. Often an idle word has conquered a host of facts; and a mistaken theory, embalmed in a widely-received word, has retarded for centuries the progress of knowledge. Thus the protracted opposition in France to the Newtonian theory arose chiefly from the influence of the word "attraction;" the contemptuous misnomer, "Gothic," applied to northern mediæval architecture, perpetuated the dislike with which it was regarded; and the introduction of the term "landed proprietor" into Bengal, caused a disor-

ganization of society which had never been caused by its most barbarous invaders. "Men believe," says Bacon, "that their reason is lord over their words; but it happens, too, that words exercise a reciprocal and reactionary power over the intellect. \* \* \*

Words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment." Not only every language, but every age, has its charmed words, its necromantic terms, which give to the cunning speaker who knows how to ring the changes upon them, instant access to the hearts of men,—as at "Open Sesame!" the doors of the cave flung themselves open to the thieves in the Arabian tale. At the utterance of the magic names of Austerlitz and Marengo, thousands have rushed to a forlorn hope, and met death at the cannon's mouth. When Cæsar's army mutinied, no argument from interest or reason could move or persuade them; but upon his addressing them as *Quirites*, the tumult was instantly hushed, and they took that word in payment of all. Party and sectarian leaders know that the great secret of the art of swaying the people is to invent a good shibboleth or battle-cry to be shouted continually in their ears. "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights," "No More Compromise," "The Higher Law," "The Irrepressible Conflict," and other similar phrases, have roused and moved the public mind as much as the pulpit and the press.

Gouverneur Morris, in his Parisian journal of 1789, tells an anecdote which strikingly illustrates this influence of catch-words upon the popular mind. A gentleman, in walking, came near to a knot of people whom a street orator was haranguing on the power of a qualified veto (*veto suspensif*) which the constituent assembly had just granted to the king. "Messieurs," said the orator, "we have not a supply of bread. Let

me tell you the reason. It has been but three days since the king obtained this qualified veto, and during that time the aristocrats have bought up some of these *suspensions*, and carried the grain out of the kingdom." To this profound discourse the people assented by loud cheers. Not only shibboleths, but epithets, are often more convincing than syllogisms. The term *Utopian* or *Quixotic*, associated in the minds of the people with any measure, even the wisest and most practicable, is as fatal to it as what some one calls the poisonous sting of the American hum-bug.

Even great authors, who are supposed to have "sovereign away and masterdom" over words, are often bewitched and led captive by them. Thus Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, were bent on establishing their Pantesocracy on the banks of the Susquehanna, not because they knew anything of the locality, but because Susquehanna was "such a *pretty name*." Again, to point an epigram, or give edge to a sarcasm, a writer will stab a rising reputation as with a poniard; and even when convicted of misrepresentation, will sooner stick to the lie than part with a *jeu d'esprit*, or forego a verbal felicity. Thus Byron, alluding to Keats's death, which was supposed to have been caused by Gifford's savage criticism in the "Quarterly," said:

"Strange that the soul, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article!"

Though he was afterwards informed of the untruth of these lines, Byron, plethoric as he was with poetic wealth and wit, could not willingly let them die; and so the witticism yet remains, to mislead and to provoke the laughter of his readers.

Again, there are authors who, to meet the necessities of rhyme, or to give music to a period, will pad out their sentences with meaningless expletives. They employ words as carpenters put

false windows into houses; not to let in light upon their meaning, but for symmetry. Or, perhaps they imagine that a certain degree of distension of the intellectual stomach is required, to enable it to act with its full powers—just as some of the Russian peasantry mix sawdust with the train-oil they drink, or as hay and straw are given to horses as well as corn to supply the necessary bulk. Thus Dr. Johnson, imitating Juvenal, says:

"Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

This, a lynx-eyed critic contended, was equivalent to saying: "Let observation, with extensive observation, observe mankind extensively." If the Spartans, as we are told, fined a citizen because he used three words where two would have done as well, how would they have punished such prodigality of language?

Of all the forms of cozenage, there is none more effectual than that of speech. It is true that "lying words" are not always responsible for the mischief they do; that they often rebel and growl audibly against the service into which they are pressed, and testify against their task-masters. The latent nature of a man struggles often through his words, so that even truth itself comes blasted from his lips, and vulgarity, malignity, and littleness of soul, however anxiously cloaked, are betrayed by the very phrases and images of their opposites. "A satanic drop in the blood," it has been said, "makes a clergyman preach diabolism from scriptural texts, and a philanthropist thunder hate from the rostrum of reform." But though the truth often leaks out through the most hypocritical words, it is yet true that they are employed as decoy-ducks to deceive, and the dupes who are cheated by them are legion. There are men fond of abstractions, whom words seem to enter and take possession of, as their lords and owners. Blind to

every shape but a shadow, deaf to every sound but an echo, they invert the legitimate order, and regard things as the symbols of words, not words as the symbols of things. Again, who is ignorant of the sway of words in the world of politics? Is not fluency of speech, in many communities, more than statesmanship? Are not brains, with a little tongue, far less potent than "tongue, with a garnish of brains?" Need any one be told that a talent for speech-making has stood in place of all other acquirements; that it is this which has made judges without law, and diplomatists without French; which has sent to the army brigadiers who knew not a cannon from a mortar, and to the legislature men who could not tell a bank-note from a bill of exchange; which, according to Macaulay, made a Foreign Minister of Mr. Pitt, who never opened Vattel, and which was near making a Chancellor of the Exchequer of Mr. Sheridan, who could not work a sum in long division?

All who are familiar with Dickens will recollect the reply of the shrewd Samuel Weller, when asked the meaning of monomania: "When a *poor* fellow takes a piece of goods from a shop, it is called theft; but if a wealthy lady does the same thing, it is called *monomania*." There is biting satire as well as *naïveté* and dry humor in the reply, and it strikingly shows the moral power of language; how the same act may be made to appear in wholly different lights, according to the phraseology used to describe it. The same character may be made to look as spotless as an angel, or as black as "the sooty spirits that troop under Acheron's flag," through the lubricity of language. "*Timidus*," says Seneca, "*se cautum vocat; sordidus, parcum*." Thousands who would shrink back with disgust or horror from a vice which has an ugly name, are led to "first endure, then pity, then embrace," when men have thrown over

it the mantle of an honorable appellation. A singular but most instructive dictionary might be compiled by taking one after another the honorable and the sacred words of a language, and showing for what infamies, basenesses, crimes, or follies, each has been made a pretext. Is there no meaning in the fact that, among the ancient Romans, the same word was employed to designate a crime and a great action? Does it make no difference in our estimate of the gambler and his profession, whether we call him by the plain unvarnished Saxon "blackleg," or by the French epithet, "industrious chevalier?" Can any one doubt that in Italy, when poisoning was rife, the crime was fearfully increased by the fact that, in place of this term, not to be breathed in ears polite, the death of some one was said to be "assisted?" Is there no significance in the fact that the French have no such word as *bribe*—glossing over and half commending, by their jocular *pot de vin*, that which they should stigmatize as a sin; that they, too, have no such words as "home," "comfort," "spiritual," and but one word for "love" and "like," compelling them to put heaven's last best gift to man on a par with an article of diet,—as "I love Julia," and "I love a leg of mutton"? Is it not an alarming sign of the times in our own country, when in the legislature of one of our largest Eastern States a member declares that he has been asked by another member for his vote, and told that he would get "five hundred reasons for giving it," thus making the highest word in our language, that which signifies divinely given power of discrimination and choice, the synonym of bribery?

The Romans, after the expulsion of Tarquin, could not brook the idea of being governed by a *king*; yet they submitted to the most abject slavery under an *emperor*. Cromwell was too sagacious to disgust the republicans

by calling himself *King*, though he doubtlessly laughed grimly in his sleeve as, under the title of Protector, he exercised all the regal functions. There are sects of Christians that protest vehemently against a *hired ministry*; yet their preachers must be warmed, fed, and clothed, by "donation parties,"—like the snob gentleman in Molière, whose father was no shop-keeper, but kindly *chose goods* for his friends, which he let them have for—money. Many a man has blown out another's brains in "an affair of honor," who, if accused of murder, would have started back with horror. Many a person stakes his all on a public stock, or sells shares which he does not possess, in the expectation of a speedy fall, who would be thunderstruck if told that, while considering himself only a shrewd speculator, he was, in everything save decency of appearance, on a par with the haunter of a "hell," and as much a gambler as if he were staking his money on "rouge-et-noir" or "roulette." Hundreds of officials have been tempted to defraud the government by the fact that the harshest term applied to the offense is the rose-water one, "defaulting;" and men have plotted without compunction the downfall of the government, and plundered its treasury, as "secessionists," who would have expected to dangle at the rope's end, or to be shot down like dogs, had they regarded themselves as traitors or nullifiers. So Pistol objected to the odious word *steal*—"convey, the wise it call." There are multitudes of persons who can sit for hours at a festive table, gorging themselves, Gargantua-like, "with links and chitterlings," and guzzling whole bottles of champagne, under the impression that they are "jolly fellows," "true epicureans," and "connoisseurs in good living," whose cheeks would tingle with indignation and shame if they were accused, in point-blank terms, of vices so disgusting as

intemperance or gluttony. "I am not a slut," boasts Audrey, in 'As You Like It,' "though I thank the gods I am foul."

Of all classes of men whose callings tempt them to juggle with words, none better than auctioneers understand how much significance lies in certain shades of expression. It is told of Robins, the famous London auctioneer, who in selling his wares reveled in an oriental luxury of expression, that in puffing an estate he described a certain ancient gallows as "a hanging wood." At another time, having made the beauties of the earthly paradise which he was commissioned to sell too gorgeously enchanting, and finding it necessary to blur it by a fault or two, lest it should prove "too good for human nature's daily food," the Hafiz of the mart paused a moment, and reluctantly added: "But candor compels me to add, gentlemen, that there are two drawbacks to this splendid property—the litter of the rose-leaves, and the noise of the nightingales."

Words are an index to character. There is a physiognomy in the speech as well as in the face. As physicians judge of the state of the body, so may we judge of the mind, by the tongue. Except under peculiar circumstances, where prudence, shame, or delicacy, seals the mouth, the objects dearest to the heart—the pet words, phrases, or shibboleths, the terms expressing our strongest appetencies and antipathies—will rise most frequently to the lips; and Ben Jonson, therefore, did not exaggerate in saying that "no glass renders a man's form and likeness so true as his speech." How often does the use of a single word flash more light upon a man's motives and principles of actions, give a deeper insight of his habits of thought and feeling, than an entire biography! How often when a secret sorrow preys on the heart, which we would fain hide from the world by a

smiling face, do we betray it unconsciously by a trivial or parenthetical word! Fast locked do we deem our Bluebeard chamber to be, the key and the secret of which we have in our own possession; yet all the time a crimson stream is flowing across the door-sill, telling of murdered hopes within. Out of the immense magazine of words furnished by our English vocabulary—embracing over a hundred thousand distinct terms—each man selects his own favorite expressions, his own forms of syntax, by a peculiar law which is part of the essential difference between him and all other men; and in the verbal stock-in-trade of each individual we should find, could it once be laid open to us, a key that would unlock many of the deepest mysteries of his humanity—many of the profoundest secrets of his private history. The fact that the word "glory" predominates in all of Bonaparte's dispatches, while in those of his great adversary, Wellington, which fill twelve enormous volumes, it never once occurs—not even after the hardest won victory—but "duty," "duty," is invariably named as the motive for every action, speaks volumes touching their respective characters. It was to work out the problem of self-aggrandizement that Napoleon devoted all his colossal powers; and *conscience*, *responsibility*, and kindred terms, seem never to have found their way into his vocabulary. Men, with their physical and moral force, their bodily energies, and their passions, prejudices, delusions, and enthusiasms, were to him but as fuel to swell the blaze on the altar of that ambition of which he was at once the priest and deity. Of duties to them he never for a moment dreamed; for, from the hot May-day of Lodi to the autumnal night of Moscow, when he fled the flaming Kremlin, he seemed unconscious that he was himself a created and responsible being.

## THEODORE TILTON AS A POET.

BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

IN the early autumn of 1867, a small volume of verses glided quietly from the press of a noted New York publishing house, rode the usual circuit of newspaper praise and censure, dropped modestly upon a parlor table here and a library shelf there, and has not been heard from since. The book evidently did not make a hit. It caused no talk. It evoked no authoritative and zealous championship. It was not even honored by a single round of good hearty cursing; for the little hostile criticism that it did receive died early of its own impotence and amiability.

In many aspects of the case, the extreme tranquility of this reception of Mr. Tilton's first book of poetry is surprising. Literary history, indeed, is full of examples of authors, whose writings afterwards became popular, being met on their first appearance by a similar insensibility. Of the first edition of "*Lyrical Ballads*," by Wordsworth and Coleridge, we are told by Cottle that "the sale was so slow that its progress to oblivion seemed to be certain;" and when, subsequently, Cottle retired from business and transferred his copyrights to the Longmans, the copyright of this book was put down in the estimates as *nil*. Alfred Tennyson, in 1830, sent into the world the first fruits of his great genius, in a volume entitled "*Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*;" but the poems might have been altogether lyrical, so far as the world seemed to care for at least a dozen years thereafter. When Thoreau found that his publishers had scarcely parted, after the lapse of a year or two, with half a hundred copies of the first edition of his

first book, for very rage and pride he made a bundle of the whole lot and carried them home on his shoulder. In his preface to the "*Snow-Image*," Hawthorne makes merry upon his own long-deferred recognition as a writer. "Ever since my youth," he says, "I have been addressing a very limited circle of friendly readers, without much danger of being overheard by the public at large."

But in these and many other instances of similar neglect on the part of the public, the public might have extenuated its own guilt by saying: "These were all fine lads, doubtless, but I never heard of them before; and I make a point of never listening to a candidate for my notice the first time he shouts." But the public can not get off, *in re* Theodore Tilton, by any such plea. The public and Theodore Tilton were familiar friends—old cronies and confederates, in fact, in many a festive and in many a stormy bout; and this cavalier way in which the public treated its chum, on so delicate an emergency of his career, wears an uncommonly shabby look.

The obscurity of the author, then, can not be offered as an explanation for the mildly tepid welcome which has been extended to the book. There are, however, other modes of accounting for it which are more valid.

In the first place, the world is always slow to recognize versatility, and to stamp it with the seal of its royal favor. Society has a sort of repugnance to admitting that any man can do more than one thing. And here was a person who, before the age of thirty, had made a

journalistic reputation as wide as the continent; nay, who had won a place, before the whole American people, among the half-dozen ablest and most potent editors in the United States. Is not one reputation enough for one man? It seems not; for suddenly, upon the top of this high renown as one of the six best editors in the country, he piles the added renown of being one of the six best platform orators in the country! Great journalist! Great orator! Surely the man has a huge appetite if he calls for more—and he does. He boldly challenges for himself what Matthew Arnold calls "the most sacred title among men"—the title of poet. And it is with him, as it is with George Eliot, the greatest obstacle to his recognition as a poet is the emphasis and the splendor of his previous recognition as something else. Had Theodore Tilton never been heard of at all until this volume appeared, we are inclined to think that the freshness of his poetry, its originality of tone, its freedom from the poetical mannerism of the present reigning school, its delicacy, its sweetness, its joyous purity and beauty, would have struck upon the ear of the world with more distinctness, and would have won from the eye of the world a more attentive regard, than it has yet done. The tones of this third rich bell are drowned in the chime of the two which were already striking in the same high tower.

Moreover, it is to be remembered that the zest with which the people would have opened a volume of poems by so distinguished a man as Theodore Tilton, had lost its edge from the circumstance that just enough of these poems had already appeared in the newspapers to satisfy curiosity, while not enough to conquer for him a distinct poetical reputation.

But undoubtedly the great and the conclusive account of the matter remains to be given; and in giving it,

we thereby open a broad shaft of criticism into the very soul and essence of Mr. Tilton's poetry. That poetry, contrary to what its author's reputation as an editor and an orator would lead many to predict, is in no particular sensational; it has not the qualities which are fitted to take the world by storm, to compel notice, to enchain and fascinate the instant attention of mankind. We all know that when Mr. Tilton writes leaders for his great newspaper, and when he mounts the platform carrying some stirring theme hot in his heart, he is not apt, if we may use a phrase made immortal by the Ingoldsby Legends, "to draw it mild!" Indeed, this is the head and front of his offending, according to his ungenial critics, that he is intemperate and headstrong; that he cuts and slashes with a fierce intellectual recklessness; that he storms and foams and spouts; that his ideas are hasty and his words yeasty; and that, both in his spoken and in his written style, he is to the last degree a sensationalist. With this estimate of Mr. Tilton, common as it is, we do not happen exactly to agree; but we cite it here in order to bring out the extraordinary fact that the man who in prose is certainly so startling, so vehement, and so luxuriant, should be in verse capable of a simplicity and purity of touch, a temperateness of phrase, a poise and scrupulousness of intellectual movement, as well as a rigorous obedience to artistic unity of conception, such as may deserve to be called classic.

To account for this discrepancy between his prose and his verse is a difficulty, more especially for those who think that Mr. Tilton dabbles in verse-making merely as an elegant recreation from weightier toils, and that, consequently, the writing of poetry is but an episode in his life. On the contrary, we hold the opinion that the writing of poetry is the principal business of Mr. Tilton's life—if you call that a man's

principal business to which he dedicates his whole heart, his most affluent moods, his most sacred feelings—and that he merely edits the “Independent,” and merely delivers his one hundred and fifty lectures a year, as an episode and by-play to the main action of his mind. We imagine that Mr. Tilton’s real life is in his vocation as a poet; that to this he has given his heart; that the execution of this is, with him, so dear and hallowed a thing that he would offer to it no rash or frivolous thought, nothing irreverent, nothing that is not chaste, serene and beautiful. When he makes a speech or writes an editorial article, he does it at a dash, gayly, with a boyish and rollicking glee, and he flings into the cauldron whatever comes to hand; and though whatever comes to his hand is usually fine, manly, witty, earnest, and imaginative, he does not object much if there comes also that which is coarse, jocular, irrelevant, impious. All goes in; and he stirs it up and he stirs it together, and it is great fun unto him, and he laughs the huge Homeric laugh of the gods and heroes. But when the frolic is over and his love of fun satisfied, and he pulls from his pocket a bit of crumpled paper which bears the first draft of a poem, then he is like a true priest ministering at the altar; he is serious, sad, devout; he exacts of himself the most severe justness of thought, perfect purity of expression, absolute symmetry of form. Now, at last, he feels that he is about the real business of his life. His idealism, his poetic delicacy, his taste, his conscience, his affections,—all are aroused, all are engaged; and in thus elaborating, with tender and loving care, a sonnet or a song, he has a mightier joy and a more genuine interest than in all his public and noisy activities put together. Hence it is accountable how he would admit into a speech or an article what he never would into a poem; and hence, also, the rush and storminess, and per-

haps the sensationalism, of the former, and the delicate, stealthy, meditative grace and sweetness of the latter.

As we turn over, now for the third or fourth time, the pages of “The Sexton’s Tale and Other Poems,” and try to analyze and state to ourselves the impression we have of the defects of this collection of Mr. Tilton’s verses, perhaps the first thing we say is that the author has not yet done justice to his own endowments; that he has squandered himself upon too great a variety of pursuits; that he has not subjected his nature to the ordeal of long and patient discipline; that he has not rallied all his forces and concentrated them, with full exertion, with unbroken persistence, upon any one protracted, arduous, and worthy poetical task. An air of reserved force is well; but there is such a thing as having too much of one’s force reserved. Above all things, the reserve of force is creditable only when a man grapples with great undertakings; it is no compliment to him to say that in small undertakings he has force to spare. The sort of life which Mr. Tilton leads is too dissipating to his powers. In such an existence he will be able to catch the time to do bright little poems; but to achieve a great poem, to spend his faculties upon a work suitable to his faculties, is impossible, without the “antique discipline of retirement and silence.” The contents of this volume will be an honor to Mr. Tilton, if he does something greater; if he does not, they will be a reproach.

Moreover, in the longest of these poems, in “The Sexton’s Tale,” for example, in “The True Church,” and in “Maltby Chapel,” as well as in the majority of the smaller pieces, there is a want of American flavor; there is even a use of European phraseology and imagery, which impart an exotic, feeble, and imitative quality, to the whole. On general principles we should not expect this in Mr. Tilton’s poetry.

He has never been in Europe; and if he had been, he is the last man to ape anything he might find there. He is, besides, an American of the most pronounced type. His manners, his sentiments, his living words, are intensely national. It startles one, therefore, with a suspicion either of weakness or of insincerity, to find that his poetry has depended so little upon native themes for its inspiration, and that its native coloring is so slight and thin. Had he been a lonely poet, dwelling apart from the great currents of American feeling, hearing only the still voices of books, it would be easy to account for a choice of subjects and a treatment of them so remote from the homespun realities of to-day, so slightly tinged likewise with direct and local idealizations. How comes it that a New York editor, touching our continental life at all points, responding with instant and powerful emotion to all the action and the passion of our unique civilization, should, in his most elaborate poetical utterances, have so few ideas or illustrations that belong to us, and so many that relate to knights, dukes, my lady, tournaments, henchmen, castle-halls, abbey-walls, trains of camels, gems from Samarcand, Brahmins, lotus-pods, troubadours of France, and Paduan Minorites? The true poet must not dawdle with these imported goods. These are not the stuff of which our poetry is to be made. Henceforth, let Mr. Tilton get his materials from the soul within him, and from the soil beneath him, and from the air close around him; and leave to more needy poets these pretty European and Asiatic trinkets which have regularly paid duty at the literary custom-house.

While still engaged in finding fault with Mr. Tilton, we will speak of one slight technical blemish in the first and longest poem of his book—a blemish which, so far as we know, has escaped the notice of all his critics. That he

has never yet permitted himself to go to Europe, is doubtless an exertion of self-restraint amounting to a virtue; at any rate, it is one which, in this generation, entitles him to considerable distinction. However, had he happened to visit England before he wrote "*The Sexton's Tale*," we venture to think that he would not have committed the social solecism of burying his mighty "*Duke*" and "*My Lady*" in the open church-yard, where the sexton would be able to complain—

"How thick the leaves are where we tread!"

and to say to his visitors—

"Stand here—the winter wind is chill."

A very little study of Mr. Tilton's poetry will suffice to detect traces of the great masters of expression who have done most to mold his mind and style. A more curious combination of influences, perhaps, poet never experienced. We think that, in his way of putting thought and sentiment in his verses, Mr. Tilton reveals the impress upon his culture of Henry Ward Beecher, of Wendell Phillips, of Mrs. Browning, and of the Elizabethan poets! The form into which his ideas leap is concrete and picturesque, and their movement is oratorical and dramatic.

It seems to be a favorite habit with Mr. Tilton to express his best things in swift, brief, condensed statements, and to manage the evolution of his verses in such a way as to prepare for these pregnant sentences; thus using in poetry a method which Wendell Phillips makes so effective in speech-making, and putting into admirable practice, also, Herbert Spenser's rhetorical law of economy. In this way, too, a not uncommon thought is made startling by the unexpected angle of view from which it is presented; and this surprise continually reminds one of the sensations he has in reading the literature of the age of Elizabeth, suggesting, not

ease and simplicity of mental work, but mind on the stretch, together with results that are somewhat fanciful and artificial. Thus, in that famous ode entitled "The Great Bell Roland," which gave such delight early in the war, are these two lines, in which we feel the quality which we have just tried to describe:

"What tears can widows weep  
Less bitter than when brave men fall?"

Again, in that admirable summary of theology and ethics, "A Layman's Confession of Faith," the same quality reappears:

"I owe no man a debt I can not pay —  
Except the love that men should always owe."

And just before these lines, also, in this exquisite couplet:

"I stand with wondering awe before my babes,  
'Till they rebuke me to a nobler life."

We see it, again, in these lines of "A Woman's Letter":

"A heart can never trust until it knows;  
A heart can never know until it trusts."

Perhaps no more certain proof could be given of the spirit of self-discipline in which Mr. Tilton's poetry is written, than the evidence that appears in this book of the firm hand with which he has held in his love of fun. In spite of his best resolutions, however, and to the increased enjoyment of his readers, the vein of delicate and satiric humor is to be occasionally seen cropping out from the midst of serious surroundings. Thus, in "The Preacher of Padua":

"All Padua, when it heard the tale, stood dumb.  
No man but vowed to live a whiter life!  
O fickle human heart! Thy brittle vows  
Are dashed to pieces on thy stony self!  
The sinners sinned afresh! The Devil went  
Not back to St. Antonio's church! No need!  
For St. Antonio's church went back to him!"

Again, in "The True Church":

"We entered at the open door,  
And saw men kneeling on the floor;  
Faint candles, by the daylight dimmed,  
As if by foolish virgins trimmed."

The question, by the way, might be raised over these lines, whether this playful allusion to the defective art of the foolish virgins has not betrayed Mr. Tilton into a false figure. Lamps are trimmed; but are candles? The most that even wise virgins could have done for the foregoing candles would be to have snuffed them; yet that operation, however cheering to the candles, would have had a baleful effect on the rhyme.

In the charming verses, "The Flight from the Convent," is this suggestive passage, where the young fellow says to her:

"Now why thy long delaying?  
Alack! thy beads and praying!  
If thou, a saint, dost hope  
To kneel and kiss the Pope,  
Then I, a sinner, know  
Where sweeter kisses grow —  
Nay, now, just once before we go!"

Dr. Johnson, in his usual sturdy fashion, has declared that poetry and hymns are incompatible terms. Had we in English literature no other evidence to disprove this statement than the single noble hymn of Mr. Tilton's, "The Prayer of the Nations," that alone would be quite sufficient. It is, indeed, a sweet lyric of faith and philanthropy, at once lofty, tender, devout, and imaginative. What beauty, what glowing and unbackneyed imagery, upon an ancient subject, in these opening lines:

"O Thou by whom the lost are found,  
Whose cross upon the mountain stands,  
Let now its shadow on the ground  
Spread east and west through all the lands,  
Until it wrap the earth around!"

I have already mentioned that in the process of Mr. Tilton's thought in poetry there is a constant dramatic movement. He shuns what we may call the logical action of ideas, for that which I have described as dramatic. For example, in "The True Church," passing from one form of faith to another, the poet says to the Pilgrim—

"Had Augustine a fault?"

Now, the logical answer would be to say simply yes or no, and if yes, to say what it was. The dramatic mode of replying is different:

"The Pilgrim gazed at Heaven's high vault,

"And answered, 'Can a mortal eye  
Contain the sphere of all the sky?'"

"I said, 'The circle is too wide,'

'God's truth is wider,' he replied."

So, likewise, in "The Lotus Planter" and in "The Sailor's Wedding," and indeed in nearly every other poem in the book, the action advances in a similar dramatic mode. In all this we discern the stamp of Beecher, Browning, Phillips, and the Elizabethan dramatists; and we may be sure that if there were in English a living dramatic literature to tempt the ambition of Mr. Tilton, he would find in that department of poetry his true field. It may possibly be worth his while to inquire whether he has not even yet in that direction some work to do.

But we still play about the subject:—Is Theodore Tilton a poet? These verses which he has given to us show a love of the beautiful; a power of musical expression in words; grace, delicacy, airiness of touch; the gift of seeing pictures in thought, in sentiment,

and in life; vivacity and dramatic movement; yet still we return to ask, is there here that alchemy of a creative imagination which gives life even to what was dead, and fuses all the elements of a scene into unity? "Images," says Coleridge, "however beautiful, though faithfully copied from nature, and as accurately represented in words, do not of themselves characterize the poet. They become proofs of original genius only as they are modified by a predominant passion, or by associated thoughts or images awakened by that passion; or when they have the effect of reducing multitude to unity, or succession to an instant; or, lastly, when a human and intellectual life is transferred to them from the poet's own spirit—

'Which shoots its being through earth, sea, and air.'"

If any reader will keep in mind this profound definition of poetry, and will carefully read over a single piece in Mr. Tilton's book, the one entitled "The Broken Vow"—on the whole, in our opinion, the most imaginative and artistic piece which the author has yet written—it seems to us that he will be compelled to say, as he finishes it—this indeed is Poetry.

## AMONG THE SABLE SINGERS.

BY E. L. GUIAL.

MY business having called me to one of the large cities on the Ohio River, I became the guest of the widow of my old college classmate and dear friend, who, poor fellow, fell at the head of a rebel regiment on that great day when Hood suddenly shot out from Atlanta, pouncing upon our unprepared "left" between Legget's Bald Knob and Decatur, and whose fiery impetuosity cost the country the noble, generous, and tender-hearted McPherson, and thousands more of brave men. Unlike many that served the Lost Cause, my friend had considerably placed his family in a Border-State city, and in secure and independent circumstances; so, when word came that poor Bob was gone, the once "Little Sue," mother of another little Sue, though now made a widow, was not disposed to wear the weeds longer than a decent respect for the memory of her husband required. And I—who had loved her in the creamy college days as truly as had Bob—was yet a handsome bachelor, and not absolutely averse to mating. And as a breath blown from the ripe fields will remind you of the summers that were, whispering of the summers yet to be, so widow Sue's kind looks and little Sue's sweet face revived a hundred dreams that had vanished, and suggested possibilities yet to be realized. Every means was used to protract my visit, and I was quite willing to remain, although business demanded my immediate return.

On the eve of my contemplated departure, it suddenly occurred to all that I had not attended the "colored revival" then in full blast—as was pain-

fully apparent by a certain looseness in the domestic management, especially the culinary department, of my friend's otherwise well-regulated house. I agreed to remain, claiming the company of the ladies to the scene, which was readily accorded. The next evening being the close of the week, when a large gathering might be anticipated, we repaired to the "color'd chu'ch," under the guidance of "Old Joe," the cook, with a masculine name but of feminine gender, who, like many white people, conscientiously believed in "trowin' away all to foller de Lo'd," at least once a year,—to the great consternation, as I have intimated, of all those dependent on her ministrations.

The church occupied the upper loft of an abandoned tobacco-house, whose several parts apparently were held together by the simple power of adhesion. We ascended by a rickety pair of stairs, and were ushered into the presence of the congregation. The room was lighted by a few candles which burned with a sickly flame, as if in mephitic vapors, and above the pulpit hung a solitary lamp which cast an uncertain light upon the head of the preacher. As "Old Joe" conveyed us to seats, the gaze of the dusky congregation was momentarily withdrawn from the preacher—the congregation doubtless being flattered, and the preacher embarrassed, at the presence of a party of "grand folks." However, the interruption was momentary, when the exercises were resumed.

The preacher was a powerfully-built man, and from his apparent physical strength alone no doubt commanded

the respectful attention of his listeners. In color, if it were possible, he was a shade darker than any of the weird company. His countenance in repose indicated decisions built upon no bad premises; and his hair, white with age, gave him a truly venerable appearance. He was listened to with great interest; and his earnest and impetuous exhortations were effective in plunging these susceptible people alternately into anguish or joy, as sinners were convicted or souls were ransomed.

Descending from the little pulpit, and extending the worn open Bible in his left hand and gesticulating with his right, he hurled terrible invectives upon the transgressor; then lowering his voice until it was as soft as a babe's, in tender accents he besought them to lay hold of the promises; and as his rude eloquence became more fervid and impassioned, the congregation became crazed with delight and filled with rapturous visions. Their excitement knew no bounds. It came like a summer storm—the sky is overcast, there is an unnatural calmness in the air, and a tremulous shivering of the leaves; then succeed a few drops of rain, and then comes down the torrent, mid the crash of lightning and the roll of thunder. The scene became terrific to the weak nerves of the ladies, who besought me to take them out. With much difficulty we made our way through the mass of tossing arms and writhing bodies to the door. Verily, this was the season of Pentecost to these poor downtrodden souls.

Safe in the open air, we silently returned home; and few were the remarks made as to the strange scene just presented, except that my hostess, shrugging her pretty shoulders, said something that sounded much like "worse than Hades!" whereupon they both laughed;—and I remember to have thought that the "Little Sue" of other days would not have spoken so unkindly

of the least of God's creatures, and that the beautiful girl at my side was most unlike the picture which I had carried so long and uselessly in my heart.

After retiring, this strange scene danced before my excited imagination, and the whole night was passed in fitful dreams. Something more than my curiosity was awakened; and notwithstanding the sallies of the ladies, I resolved to know more of these simple-minded people. The Sabbath morn broke clear and beautiful, and when urged by my hostess to accompany her and her daughter to the most fashionable church in the city, I pleaded indisposition, and I saw by the intelligible glances which passed between them that they did not accept in good faith my excuse. But I was firm in my purpose; and when I saw them fairly off toward their place of worship, I hastily sought the tumble-down rookery where these late bond-men and bond-women had congregated, groping for light.

I arrived late, and only procured a seat by the courtesy of an old negro who vacated a seat on a small shelf near the door, upon which a dilapidated water-pail generally stood—except when inverted, as it now was, to be used in sustaining a sister with an individuality whose avoirdupois reached into the hundreds. No consideration would induce him to return to his seat; and after slipping some loose currency into his horny hand, I took formal possession of the perch, my legs dangling in air. The congregation were about concluding a kind of "voluntary." The lines appeared to be improvised by the leader, and had but little connection or meaning, but were admirably adapted to the medley-like musical tastes of the congregation.

The singing singularly impressed me. The voices were at times low, soft, and tremulous, and again rose into a strange wild harmony. No other people invest their melodies with such a weird

interest; so pathetically attune their thoughts to cheerful strains, and blend the ridiculous with such delicate touches of tenderness.

My judgment may be at fault, but in the following chant, with its homely images, there is a vein of Christian poetry which, when sung with earnestness, takes hold of him who would become as a "little child." It may be called

#### THE FAR CITY.

Dar is a city far away, far away,  
Built up by our God;  
As we journey, cl'ar de way, cl'ar de way,  
Let us hab de road.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Glory, glory, hallelujah,  
Let us hab de road.

Dat great city's Zion called, Zion called,  
Whar we hopes to dwell;  
Dat great city's iron-walled, iron-walled,  
'Gainst de gates of hell.

Glory, glory, etc.

Satan, like a roarin' lion, roarin' lion,  
Try, but can't get in;  
Try, but can't get into Zion, into Zion,—  
Dat ole snake of sin.

Glory, glory, etc.

On de walls we raise de banner, raise de banner  
Of de blessed Lord;  
Dar we shout de loud hosannah, loud hosannah—  
Listen to de Word.

Glory, glory, etc.

We'll set down in shady places, shady places,  
Wid de dear Redeemer;  
Wash our hands and wash our faces, wash our faces,  
In old Jording's stream, ah!

Glory, glory, etc.

Poor ole darkey, let de spirit, let de spirit  
In yer buzzom dwell;  
For de blessin' ye inherit, ye inherit,  
Spite of earth and hell.

Glory, glory, etc.

I knew that the sacrament of our Lord's supper was to be administered after the morning sermon, and I curiously awaited the beginning of service, anxious to hear a sermon from a regular presiding elder of the colored church. As soon as the singing ceased, a fine-looking young fellow who had escaped my former observation, led in prayer. It was full of fervor, heart-

felt—even eloquent. He proved to be one of the teachers in the colored schools of the city. Their own pastor now read the morning hymn twice; so that, in the absence of books, many voices might join in the song of praise. Tremulously, and with many dubious intimations of failure, did the leader—a humpbacked veteran who always sat with his back resting against the little pulpit—begin in quavering accents, when the sisters caught up the melody, and the whole congregation joined in the sentiment of Watts:

"O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope in years to come."

Here, although having attained a strange climax of sound, the voices suddenly died away, and all eyes, or rather ears, were directed to the preacher. In his left hand he grasped the book of hymns, and extending his right, as a leader when using his baton, in a voice that would have rivaled David Gamut's he intoned the succeeding couplet, which was instantly caught up and rendered as before. In this manner were the couplets of the hymn alternately intoned and sung, each retaining with admirable accuracy the lines of the stanzas, by pronouncing almost audibly the principal words, accompanying them with quick nods of the head as clinchers.

The presiding elder, whom I had previously been unable to recognize on account of the great number of apparently distinguished brethren who occupied the pulpit and vicinity, now emerged from the sable mystery which had surrounded him. I think these poor people shrank a little from the keen searching eye of this man, as he slowly wiped and solemnly adjusted his glasses. His appearance was neither prepossessing nor amiable. His features wore an expression of pity for his race, and at the same time he looked as if conscious of his own utter inability to better their sad condition. The

expression would not have sat amiss on the countenance of one innocently convicted of crime,—wholly incapable of defence, yet fearless of punishment. I had thought his remarks would bear some relevancy to the sacred renewal of the Christian's vows in commemoration of the Lord's supper; but in this I was disappointed. He pronounced slowly, but with good articulation, the following text: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." He told them something about Paul who wrote these words; of their being sinners on general principles; of the manner in which God hardens the hearts of those who persist in sin, until calamity and just punishment overtake them;—all of which were received with no marked expressions. At the conclusion he seated himself with a pained, hurt look, that told less of vexation than of real pity for himself and his ignorant hearers. A prayer was offered by a brother, when an invitation was extended to all who felt that they were qualified by Christian experience to come forward and partake of the sacrament, and there flocked to the altar a heterogeneous crowd. Old broken down men, who had given their whole lives to unrequited toil, with full hearts, and happy tears gliding down their faces; toothless women, knowing no other expression of joy, who mumbled and chattered the remnants of almost forgotten plantation ditties that brought to their remembrance all the sunshine which had ever come to the dreary past; strong men and strong women, and girls and boys just entering upon life—all reverently gathered near that sacred place, and partook of the emblems symbolical of the body and blood of that Christ in whose efficacy they asserted a common claim with all mankind.

After these ceremonies were com-

pleted, their own pastor arose and announced that the good brethren and sisters of a neighboring church would hold a "festival" the following week, and he hoped that all who could spend a dime with them, would do so; for he thought that if God cared anything for the "col'd people" He would make them feel like helping themselves, as it was useless to expect assistance from any other source. Considering that the neighboring church was of a different denomination, and that their own sanctuary was in need of a few slight repairs, I was obliged to confess that herein he exhibited a kindly spirit which is seldom seen in the policy of more opulent and aristocratic churches. He counseled them to be true to the "revival work," adding that the evening service would consist of "short words of cheer, and hymns." "Well," said he, "to tell you plain out, we will have a love-feast!" Here fervent exclamations of delight burst upon the speaker. After they had in a manner subsided, he looked upon the now attentive faces set with glistening eyes, and said—I give the words literally as spoken—"The door will be closed at half-past seven, and I don't want none of you coming and knocking like the Foolish Virgins, while we are in at the feast. We ain't got time to regenerate scoffers and laggards, who ain't good fur nothing, no how; and we want only earnest, well-disposed people in here at these good times, as sometimes we git a little noisy; and when people hasn't got the love of God warm in their hearts fur a fact, they misunderstand us when we git to shouting. I hope the doorkeeper will let none of these mischievous, criticising, ill-disposed persons disturb us. We ain't holden fur as much as though we was brighter, and that's some comfort; yet it hurts us to be all the time beat up and criticised so. I know we're lame in language; we stumble and make mistakes;

we say funny things and please smart folks mightily." Then, as if feeling their indignities and persecutions as a *man* might feel them, he continued: "If God had been like our white brethren, we would have been kicked away from worshipping him long ago! But, thank God, the Rock of our salvation and deliverance! He holds the groans of we poor col'd people higher than pretty faces and good grammar." If this statement were true, they were immediately blessed; for on every side, "Bress de Lord!" "So, fur a fact!" "Amen!" and a perfect storm of similar expressions, broke forth. I felt sure that this speech was aimed at me and the class of people I represented, and I quailed beneath the half-triumphant and half-serious gaze of a few that had interpreted my thoughts. From a state of extreme criminal consciousness my feelings assumed a sympathetic attitude, and I suddenly found myself shouting "Amen!" as lustily as any, to the sentiments just uttered. The benediction was pronounced, and the congregation dispersed.

Seven o'clock again found me in the place where God is worshiped. The congregation assembled, and a good time was generally expected. Their black faces gleamed in the hesitating light of the room, and all looked happy. These love-feasts of our colored brethren are the only ecstasies which their barren lives afford. They are the special seasons in their existence, and are instinct with all that has been privileged or happy in the past; and it is not strange that they should look to their recurrence with unmixed delight. It is good for them thus to assemble, and in these assemblies they catch those glimpses of glory which shall shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

After the crowd had fairly gathered, a sister commenced singing one of their most popular melodies, called the

"Bridegroom;" half song, half chant, referring to the parable of the Ten Virgins, and having a refrain of—

"O Zion, O Zion,  
O Zion, when the Bridgroom comes!"

Then followed a narration of "spec-  
rences," by several of the brethren. One old negro said: "Ise bin prayin' and lookin' fur things all my stormy life; but it 'pears like nuffin was comin' no how. But I thank de Lo'd fur what I hasn't had, just de same, fur it's made me humble and lowly like—bress de Lo'd!"

Most of the songs spoke of trust and assurance, such as—

"When rocks and mountains all fade away,  
We'll have a hidin' place that day!"

"When I get in trouble I know who to go to—  
The Lord of Israel!"

"You and I will go to heav'n,  
Singin' brother, singin' sister;  
You and I will go to heav'n,  
Singin' all the day!"

and many more containing similar sentiments. With this wild singing, and these vehemently told experiences, intermingled with responses and ejaculations, there was a gradual approach to the grand climax. The singing was half-drowned by those anxious to say something about their ecstatic feelings; and they were in turn spiritually choked off by the irrepressible musical element. Each succeeding burst of unrestrained song or experience was greeted with responses such as "Bress de Lo'd!" "Yes, yes, dat's so!" "Amen!" "So, fur a fact!" "Hallelujah!" free and wild as March winds; and, like them, bringing the tears and the storms. Some were praying, others clapping their hands, and others using their voices to the utmost capacity, while others found appropriate vent to their feelings in tears and shouts. Still others walked about shaking hands; or, with tears streaming down their animated faces, tried, but failed, to articulate their joy. The scene was like a tumultuous sea, of which

no adequate description can be given. All animosities and petty differences were put aside, and the most insignificant became as happy as a king—ought to be. The recollections of the handshakings, the praying, the singing, the exhortations, the vociferous responses, the choked utterances, the sobs, and, above all, the kind of worship and the character of the worshipers, flit through my mind as I write, like the fitful changes of some painful dream. The

love-feast continued until late in the night, and quarterly-meeting closed. Under the patronage of "Ole Joe," who from over-exertion was now sullen and reticent, I returned to the house of my friend, took a Northern-bound train in the morning, and now possess one of those strange experiences that leave their weird impression like the haunting lines of some wild gipsy-face, or the vexed, importunate ringing of prophetic words.

## SIGN-BOARDS.

BY E. P. EVANS.

IN these latter days of universal education, sign-boards have become of far less importance in the machinery of commercial life than they were in the "good old times" when but few persons in the lower and middle classes could either read or write. So long as these mystic arts (if we may use this term in opposition to such an authority as Dogberry, who affirms that "reading and writing come by nature,") were unknown to the multitude, or at best only very scarce acquirements, it would have been of little use for a tradesman or a shop-keeper to print his name over his door; he was obliged, therefore, to adopt the representation of some object typical of his occupation, or to transform his name into a painted pun or rebus. Thus, a knife would indicate a cutler's establishment, a shoe a shoemaker's, a glove a glover's, a pair of scissors a tailor's; or a hare and a bottle would stand for Harebottle, two cocks for Cox, a man with a crook for Shepherd, a man working among flowers and vegetables for Gardner, etc. The principle of the rebus, however, seems to have been less convenient, and there-

fore less frequently adopted, than that of the symbol.

This was the case with the Roman signs, the oldest that have been preserved or of which we have any historical record—if we except a few allusions to Greek signs in the writings of Aristotle, Aristophanes, Lucian, Athenæus, and others. In Pompeii the character of the shops is usually indicated by appropriate frescoes or reliefs in terra-cotta near the entrance. Thus, the rough sketch of a goat signified a milkman's establishment or dairy; two slaves carrying an amphora slung on a pole, very similar to the old English sign of the two jolly brewers with a tun of ale, meant a wine-shop. The same thing is also denoted more poetically by the picture of Bacchus pressing a cluster of grapes. Another sign of a wine-shop was a bush; hence the old Latin proverb, "*Vino vendibili suspensa hedera non opus est*," which has passed into all the languages of Europe, and in English has taken the conciser form, "Good wine needs no bush." This simple sign came down through the Middle Ages, was adopted by the

taverns of France, is frequently alluded to by the English poets, and was seen on nearly all public-houses as late as the reign of James I.; and the traveler who now visits Birmingham, in England, may stop at the Ivy Bush or the Ivy Green, whichever of the two inns he may prefer. In many of our Western frontier States, also, a grocery where liquors are sold often hangs out a green bough or a wisp of hay until such time as the more elaborate decoration of a painted board can be procured. We find at Pompeii, likewise, a tavern with the sign of an elephant enveloped by a large serpent or dragon. Between these animals a deadly animosity was supposed to exist; and Pliny and other ancient naturalists have described their battles. The fight, it seems, always ended in the death of both; the dragon coiling about and strangling the elephant, and the elephant crushing the dragon in his fall. There is no doubt that the whimsical and unmeaning sign of the elephant and fish in Newcastle is a relic and corruption of the old Roman sign of the elephant and the dragon; just as the absurd combination of the elephant and friar seen in Bristol originated in the representation of an elephant accompanied by a man in oriental costume,—the long flowing garb being easily mistaken for the gown of a friar. Beneath the sign just referred to at Pompeii is an inscription informing the public that Sittius has renovated the elephant, and that the house contains a dining-room, three beds, and other conveniences (*triclinium cum tribus lectis et commodis*). In the same street is another inn (*caupona*) with chequers painted on the door-posts, and two serpents depicted on the wall for the purpose of rendering the place sacred against the commission of any nuisance. Above the serpents are inscribed these words, in large white letters: "*Otiosis locus hic non est, discede morator*," (this is no

place for idlers; loafers, depart) a rather strange and peremptory injunction to be written in front of a common tavern, where loafers are usually supposed to be privileged characters. This sign of the chequers was also a favorite one with English publicans. Of Chaucer's Pilgrims it is said, in the "Canterbury Tales":

"They took their in and loggit them at myd-morowe I trowe,  
 Attie cheker of the Hope that many a man doth knows."

This inn at Canterbury still exists, and stands near the cathedral. There are several such taverns at Pompeii. The little Hotel Hercules, at the corner of the Fuller's street, is decorated with lozenge-shaped chequers, red, white, and yellow. Originally inn-keepers were also money-changers—a union of pursuits still quite common in the seaport towns of Southern Europe. The table on which the money was counted out was divided into squares or chequers for the coins of different values; hence the term *exchequer*. The mechanical trades, also, at Pompeii had each its peculiar sign. A bakery was denoted by the terra-cotta figure of a mule turning a mill for grinding corn; a school for the training of gladiators situated at the west end of the Forum was represented by two swordsmen fighting, while the master stands by holding a laurel crown for the victor. Horace, in one of his Satires, alludes to such a sign, and tells how he admired the position of the men painted in red or in black, as if they were fighting in earnest, striking and avoiding each other's weapons as if they were actually in motion. Cicero also refers, in his work "*De Oratore*," to "the cock painted on the sign-board of Marius, the Cimberian distorted with projecting tongue and hanging cheeks;" and Pliny relates how a German legate, when asked how he liked the sign of an old shepherd with a staff which was on

the Forum, replied that he would not take such a man as a gift, even if he were real and alive. In Herculaneum the very graceful figure of a Cupid flying through the air with two lady's shoes, one in his hand and the other resting on his head, marked the shop of a sentimental shoemaker. A boy mounted on another boy's back and receiving a good birching indicated the abode of an unsentimental schoolmaster, who evidently indorsed the old maxim (better honored, we think, in the breach than in the observance) that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. To those of our readers who are yet sufficiently juvenile to be within possible peril of similar experiences, it may afford some consolation thus to learn that this process of "hoisting" (as the English call it) is of a very high antiquity, and that the Roman youth more than twenty centuries ago shared its benefits and suffered its inconveniences. A serpent with a pine-apple in its mouth was the sign of an apothecary's shop, inasmuch as that reptile was sacred to Æsculapius. Two establishments of this kind have been unearthed at Pompeii. They contained pills, drugs, and a great variety of sediments in curiously-shaped phials, and among them a two-gallon vase nearly full of a reddish liquid balsam; also a bronze box, with partitions, and a drawer containing a spatula and a tablet of porphyry, used for preparing salves.

And speaking of an apothecary suggests, by a very natural association of ideas, an undertaker, whose establishment is distinguished by a picture of several persons engaged in washing and perfuming a corpse. The Romans, like the Greeks, attached great importance to the rites of burial; for they believed that if the body remained un-pulchred the soul would be doomed to wander a hundred years along the winding shores of the gloomy river

Styx before gaining admission into Hades. The dead were either burned or buried, according to their own desires, or as best suited the taste of their family and friends. Infants, however, were never burned; nor were persons who had been killed by lightning, since common flames would have been regarded as a contamination to bodies which had already been touched by celestial fire. The influence of Christianity, after it had become a power in the Roman Empire, gradually abolished the custom of incineration, and made interment the universal practice. When a Roman lay at the point of death, his nearest relative present hung over him for the purpose of inhaling his last breath, with which the *anima* or vital principle was supposed to take its flight. Hence the expression which we still use when we speak of receiving a person's last breath, although with us the phrase has lost its original and literal signification. The same kinsman then closed the eyes of the deceased, after which the body was washed and anointed by professional undertakers (as depicted on the Pompeian sign already alluded to), wrapped in white linen and placed on a bier decked with leaves and flowers; a small coin was also put under his tongue, wherewith to pay the grim ferryman of the Styx. Thus dressed, and turned with his feet toward the door to typify his departure, and surrounded with smoking incense and lighted candles, he lay in state sometimes for seven days, being preserved by powerful unguents. He was then borne to the place of burning (called *restrinum*), preceded by musicians and mourning women hired to lament and panegyrize him. They wailed and tore their hair, and often grew very noisy in their counterfeit of grief. Then followed, in strange contrast to this pageantry of woe, a company of buffoons and comic actors, one of whom, known as the chief mime

(*archimimus*), personated the deceased in voice and gestures. Then came, immediately in advance of the corpse, people in waxen masks, who represented the long line of his ancestors. Behind the bier was a procession of his heirs and kinsmen; also the slaves whom he had emancipated by his will, and who wore white woollen caps as a sign that they were freemen. This is the origin of the liberty-cap. Sometimes the procession stopped at the Forum, where a eulogy was delivered. On arriving at the *restrinum* the body was placed on the pyre, which was often of great size and magnificently adorned. The same kinsman who had closed the eyes of the departed now opened them again, and, standing with averted face, applied a torch to the funeral pile. As it burned, various articles were cast into the flames—aromatic oils and gums, costly garments, and even live animals. Frequently, too, gladiatorial combats took place in honor of the occasion. After the pile was consumed, the glowing ashes and bones of the deceased were quenched with wine and perfumed oils, and gathered into an urn and deposited in the tomb. It is from this usage that our own cemeteries have derived one of their most common and yet most beautiful ornaments, namely, a simple urn surmounting a shaft. It is also a remarkable example of the persistency of forms of speech, that we still talk of man's remains as his ashes, although the general custom of reducing them to ashes ceased more than fourteen centuries ago. The ceremony being thus finished, a priest dipped a branch of olive or laurel in pure water and sprinkled the multitude, who went away, saying as they departed, *vale* (farewell), each person repeating this word three times. Banquets, too, formed a part not only of funeral rites but also of the ceremonies attending the anniversaries of a person's decease; for it was the custom of the ancients to

celebrate not so much the birthday as the death-day of a friend. The latter day was called *dies natalis*, as well as the former. And there is a deep spiritual meaning in this usage. It signifies that dying is in fact being born into a higher and freer life. A people who could regard death as a nativity must have had, in spite of gross superstition on the one hand and grosser materialism on the other, a strong and abiding conviction of the personal, progressive, and eternal existence of the human soul. In ancient times, as well as during the Middle Ages, artificers were accustomed to have sculptured on their tombs the same symbols of their occupations which adorned their shops during life. Thus, in the catacombs, the tomb of Diogenes the grave-digger is indicated by a pickaxe and a lamp; that of a carpenter, by a saw and a chisel; that of a physician, by a cupping-glass; that of a surveyor, by a measuring-rule; and others by appropriate implements.

Medieval inns were wont to adopt various devices by which to attract different classes of wayfarers, such as the cross for the Christian, the crescent for the Mohammedan, the sun or the moon for the Pagan, etc. Several centuries ago, when taverns were less frequent than they are at the present time, the houses of the nobility, during the temporary absence of the family, were used as hostels for wayfarers, each house being known by the coat of arms that always hung in front of it. Thus, the lion gules or azure of heraldry became in common parlance the Red or Blue Lion, and in this vernacular form the term was used by inn-keepers to denote that here could be found

"Good entertainment for all that passes,—  
Horses, mares, men, and asses."

To such base uses were many of the noblest escutcheons finally reduced. The Three Pelicans which adorn a public house in the town of Lewes were

borrowed from the arms of Pelham, and another inn, called "The Cats," took its sign from the "two leopards argent, spotted sable," which constitute a portion of the arms of the Dorset family; in like manner the Bear and Ragged Staff belongs to a branch of the Warwick Family.

Some of the incongruities of sign-boards are very whimsical. Such combinations as the Frying-pan and Drum, the Razor and Hen, the Leg and Seven Stars, the Whale and Crow, the Hog in Armour, the Dog and Gridiron, the Lamb and Dolphin, the Three Nuns and a Hare, would puzzle any one who should try to explain them by what is called association of ideas. No doubt this union of heterogeneous objects was frequently the caprice of whimsical shop-keepers, who aimed at the most glaring absurdities for the purpose of attracting attention. Sometimes, however, it arose from the fact that a young tradesman, at his first setting up in business, added to his father's sign that of the master whose apprentice he had been, just as a husband adds his wife's coat of arms to his own. But in very many cases these odd combinations resulted from a corruption of foreign words, or a faulty pronunciation of familiar terms. Thus, the Shovel and Boot was originally the Shovel and Boat, a very common and suggestive sign in places where grain is carried by canal boats; the Axe and Bottle is evidently a corruption of the Battle-axe; the Bull and Mouth is the popular rendering of the Boulogne Mouth, (*i. e.* the mouth of Boulogne harbor); the Pig and Carrot, at Newport in the Isle of Wight, sprung by phonetic decay from the Pique and Carreau, a sign which in other towns of England degenerated by a similar process of decomposition into the Pig and Checkers; George Canning was metamorphosed into the George and Cannon by a generation of ale-house tipplers who knew

nothing of the once popular premier. A still greater and more absurd incongruity is observable in the inscriptions in doggerel verse with which the Dutch used to announce their wares. Thus, a tool-grinder brings himself before the religious public under the patronage of some biblical personage, as follows:

"Jacob was David's nephew, but not his brother-in-law.

Here are ground all sorts of barber's tools, also knives for fishwives and butchers."

A dentist, with a more accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, but an equally incongruous application of them, says:

"Moses was fished out of the rushes;  
Incisors and grinders are drawn here."

A baker of Amsterdam also put Moses on his sign, with this inscription:

"Moses was found in the water;  
Whoever purchases bread here shall have yeast free,  
Besides a loaf at Easter (*Phaschbrood*) and a spice-cake at Christmas."

Scarcely more appropriate was the following distich, which a Dutch wood-merchant put upon his sign:

"The wood is cut in order to be burned,  
Therefore is it in Abraham's sacrifice."

As regards the artistic excellence of their sign-boards, as well as the delicate wit displayed on them, the French unquestionably surpass all other nations. A writer who made the tour of France nearly half a century ago, alludes to the extravagance of Parisian shop-keepers in respect to their signs, which often exhibited figures as large as life and painted in fine style; the subjects were taken from sacred and secular history, the drama, the opera, etc. Some of them were of a satirical or humorous character; as, for example, the punning sign of an eating-house, representing an ox dressed up with bonnet, lace veil, shawl, and other female paraphernalia, signifying *Bœuf à-la-mode*. Especially attractive were the fruit and flower pieces and the pictures of still-life which adorned the doors of fruit and

flower-dealers, wine-merchants, butchers, and sellers of poultry and game. The *Bœuf à-la-mode* was once a very common sign for taverns and restaurants, and a cheap boarding-house in Brussels attempted to anglicize it for the benefit of English tourists, as follows:

"The Board House of the Fashionable Beef"

Many of the London signs were also fine works of art. "The Spectator" (No. 744) speaks of "a very splendid sign of Queen Elizabeth," in Ludgate street, which "looked rather like a capital picture in a gallery than a sign in a street." A beautiful sign of Shakespeare, which hung in Little Russell street, Drury Lane, cost more than two thousand dollars.

The best artists frequently turned their hands to this lucrative employment, among them Hogarth, whose famous Man loaded with Mischief may be seen still in an ale-house at 414 Oxford street, London. Richard Wilson, of the Royal Academy, George Morland, David Cox, the elder Crome, Mil-lais, Herring, Harlow, and Sir Charles Ross, are all known to have painted signs. Ibbetson also painted one for a village ale-house near Ambleside. It represented two faces, the one thin and pale, the other round and rubicund, and underneath the following rhymes:

"Thou mortal man that liv'st by bread,  
What made thy face to look so red?  
Thou silly fop, that look'st so pale,  
'Tis red with Tommy Burkett's ale."

The great masters of former centuries condescended to sign-painting. The museum at Basle, in Switzerland, contains two pictures which Holbern painted, when only fourteen years old, for a village schoolmaster's sign; Correggio painted for a sign-board the mule and muleteer now in the Sutherland collection; the fine stone bass-relief of the Chaste Susannah, which used to be in the Rue aux Fèves, Paris, was the work of the Huguenot Jean Goujon, the same sculptor who made the Caryatides in the Louvre, and was shot while engaged in this work on the morning of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; Watteau made a sign for a milliner on the Pont Notre Dame; the sign of the White Horse in the vicinity of Paris is declared to be the production of Guéricault, and the celebrated battle-painter, Horace Vernet, is said to have left several monuments of his genius in the same humble branch of art; and if we are to believe tradition, the Young Bull of Paul Potter, now the choicest gem in the gallery of the Hague, was painted originally for a butcher's sign-board.

These examples suffice to show that the History of Sign-boards is not uninteresting nor unimportant, even from an artistic point of view. In a second article we shall consider the subject in its other numerous phases, historical, satirical, social, religious, and comic.

## CURRENT NOTES.

BOOK-MAKING.—“A big book is a big evil”—a Greek proverb more than two thousand years old. If the ancients, in the days of manuscripts transcribed on parchments, were justified in uttering this execration, how much more appropriately can we moderns indorse it, in these days of the telegraph and printing-press.

Book-makers should bear in mind that

“Life is short, and time is ever on the wing.”

Readers at this day can not afford to occupy themselves with mere commonplace details which have happened to an individual, and which might have happened to every ninety-nine out of every one hundred individuals under like circumstances. We commend to authors the excellent advice of Sydney Smith:

“There is an event recorded in the Bible which men who write books should keep constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth that, many centuries ago, the earth was covered with a great flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, were destroyed. It appears also that from thence a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to the period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the two-fold division of the ante-diluvian and post-diluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event—to write without the fear of the

Deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the Deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, *to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass.*”

Applying these remarks to our own country, it may be said that the discovery of America was a great event; its colonization was a great event; and the American Revolution was a great event, which was perhaps precipitated, or which might have been deferred; but still, in the progress of the world's affairs, it was sure to happen. The subsequent development of the United States in wealth and population was a prodigious event. And yet historians who treat of these things ought to do so within reasonable limits. They ought to bear in mind that their readers are not endowed with Methuselahian longevity. Our lease of life terminates after the lapse of sixty or seventy years, and, unlike most leases, it is not renewable. And yet most of our authors ignore this solemn fact. Bancroft devotes seven octavo volumes to our ante-Revolutionary history. Sparks records the deeds of Washington, the central figure in the group of Revolutionary characters, in twelve equally ponderous volumes; and of the subordinate

heroes, John Adams occupies ten volumes, to say nothing of Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison, Otis, Jay, etc. In fact, almost every man who shouldered a musket in that contest, or who presided at a town-meeting, is deemed worthy of a separate biography. Each descendant of a Revolutionary hero feels particularly called upon to vindicate the memory of his ancestor touching charges which, but for their revival in this form, would have slept a sleep which knows no waking. Now, when we are ready to admit, with an unquestioning faith, that their ancestors were the wisest, the most virtuous, and most patriotic of mankind,—surpassing Cato, Horatius, Scipio, and all other names in Roman history,—why ding-dong the proof into our ears upon an admitted proposition? Letters relating to the most trivial events are reproduced with *verbatim* accuracy, written by men who had no great range of information, and who failed to comprehend any great political principle. How do all these things pale in the light of modern events which it has been vouchsafed to this generation to witness? The casualties at the single battle of Gettysburg exceeded those of the whole Revolutionary War, and those of the Wilderness campaign exceeded them ten-fold!

We are sometimes inclined to think that the virtues of our Revolutionary heroes have been unduly extolled;—that they were, after all, men of like passions and frailties with ourselves. But then it seems to be necessary that every nation should have its demi-gods; and as this material is abundant, we might as well employ it for that purpose. Even Olympian Jove, according to the Cretans, was earth-born, and ruled over them before his Apotheosis.

Then, too, we have our State historical societies, whose members think that they are performing a pious work when they gather up every memorial relating

to the first settlement of the several States. John McIntyre and Noah Zane cut out a bridle-path from Wheeling to Chillicothe, for which services they received a grant of three sections of land. Thus a route for emigration was opened through the great Ohio forest;—but what care we about the lives and pedigrees of these hardy frontiersmen? Daniel Boone, a hunter, residing on the banks of the Yadkin, North Carolina, in company with other hunters, penetrated to Kentucky, where the abundance of game and the generous soil so fascinated him that he resolved to make this region his future abode. Boone was rough and hardy, and skilled in all wood-craft; but is not Bancroft's rhetoric misplaced when he says:

"He held unconscious intercourse  
With beauty old as creation.

\* \*      For him the rocks and the fountains, the leaf and the blade of grass, had life; the cooling air, laden with wild perfume, came to him as a friend; the dewy morning wrapped him in its embrace; the trees stood up gloriously round about him, as so many myriads of companions."

Now, we don't believe that the sturdy old hunter had any such ideas. To him the height of earthly felicity was to stoop down and apply his lips, when thirsty, to a bubbling spring; and to feast, when hungry, on the haunch of a good fat buck; and a soft bear-skin interposed between him and the damp ground, we are inclined to think, he preferred to the embrace of "dewy morning." This communing with nature is the result of culture. Such men as Bryant and Wordsworth indulge in it, not the hardy trapper and hunter.

It is well that archives be established to which the historian can resort, to extract the spirit of history; but we beseech him not to adopt the Hahnemann principle of infinitesimal dilution. Give it to us strong and concentrated, as the

Kentucky gentleman takes his whisky—without water.

Do our authors realize what a fund of materials they are accumulating in this generation to be consumed by the trunk-makers in the next. Let them reflect that we belong to the post-diluvian age. Events, with a steady tramp, and like John Brown's soul, "are marching on." There is a law of progress. "A point which yesterday was invisible, is its goal to-day, and will be its starting-post to-morrow." Bear in mind the fate of Carl Ritter, an eminent German physicist. In early life he commenced to describe the physical geography of the various countries of the world alphabetically. Death overtook him, a septuagenarian, ere he had reached the middle of the alphabet; and meanwhile the articles under the head of Alpha and Beta had become obsolete. His lot, as well as that of his readers, ought to have been cast in the antediluvian age.

And now, O book-makers! as our parting advice, we recapitulate in brief what we have set forth above in detail. Bear in mind the brevity of human life. The days of Methuselah have gone by, never to return. In the great march of events which is ever sweeping on, a single life is nothing. The fortunes of a single individual can but for a moment arrest public attention. Call to mind the Deluge; remember Noah; and in your writings adopt his plan in freighting the ark—*multum in parvo*—many things in a brief space.

A LITERARY OUTLOOK.—It is not the fashion in Chicago to admit that Chicago is inferior to any other city on the globe, in any mentionable particular. At the risk, however, of being extremely odd, it may be as well to admit that, as a literary center, Chicago has not hitherto enjoyed so high a rank as has been universally conceded to her in respect to general commerce. We put this ad-

mission on record while it is yet true, for if indications are of any value, the same can not be said a twelvemonth hence. The truth is, Chicago is striding forward with strong and rapid tread toward her proper rank as a literary metropolis.

We judge of a man's future achievements, not by what he says he can do, but by what he has done, and by the elements of doing which he evidently has within him. So let Chicago be judged. What has she accomplished in a literary way? What elements has she which promise well for the future?

It would be impossible, in the brief space left us, to catalogue the books—and good books—which Chicago has published and found remunerative during the past year. Among the most important which recur to mind at this instant, and which have obtained a national reputation and sale, are Colonel Foster's "Mississippi Valley," published by S. C. Griggs and Co.,—a scientific work which has commanded the eulogies of the reviewers in America and Europe, and been accepted by the *savants* as an authority and a text-book; the valuable History of the Northwestern Branch of the Sanitary Commission, by Mrs. Henshaw, published by A. L. Sewell and Co.,—a fine specimen of the book-making art, and a work which was eagerly bought throughout the country, no more nor less readily because it came from Chicago instead of an ancient seaboard city; and more recently the volumes of newspaper essays by Messrs. Upton and Wilkie, two of our gifted journalists, and the translation of Bastiat's "Sophisms," published by The Western News Company, and destined to be bought and read the country over. To these individual instances are to be added the fine series of juvenile books published by Clark and Co. and A. L. Sewell and Co., comparing favorably in every respect with the nearest juveniles of Boston; the musical publications of Root and Cady, the mere

catalogue of which, condensed to the utmost, fills a book of five hundred pages,—one work, the “Triumph,” a book of church music, having reached an edition of one hundred and twenty-five thousand copies within a year; the school-books published by several of our dealers in that staple line; and the scores of volumes and hundreds of pamphlets which have found their way through our book mills *before Chicago had scarcely begun to dream that she was a literary city!* It is the production of so much and so creditable literature, while yet the cry was ringing in our ears, “The West may produce grain and cattle—not books; Chicago is a commercial, not a literary, capital;”—it was the achievement of so much, while even many of our booksellers themselves were droning this song, that set thinking men to inquiring, “If Chicago does these things in spite of herself, what might she not do if she once tried?” And they asked themselves, “Is this success in book-making the result of accidental, temporary causes, or of facts inherent in our situation and permanent in their character?”—And this brings us to the second of the two inquiries with which we set out.

What has Chicago to make her a literary center? First, a field broader and richer than that of any other city in the world. The country between us and the Pacific is peopled by communities as intelligent and learning-loving as those of New England, with greater means to gratify their desire for books. Whither shall they go for them? Whither more naturally than to their commercial metropolis? The richness and vastness of the field has brought hither or developed among us enterprising and wealthy book-firms, several of which stand in the very first class, and some of which receive in a single invoice more books than some of your old and highly-respectable Eastern publishing houses sell in a whole year. Go to Booksellers’

Row, on State street,—the finest row of stores devoted to the book trade to be found in the world,—if you think Chicago is green in the book trade! There is no gainsaying the fact that Chicago *sells books*; nor the other fact that the best place to make books, provided the raw material is to be had, is where the book market is. Who make books and magazines? Literary men. More specifically, scholars and journalists. See how these classes have gathered and are gathering in Chicago. As to scholars, we are founding institutions of learning here every day. Here are our Universities of Chicago and Evanston (and Ann Arbor and Beloit are just as much tributary as if they were within the city’s corporate limits); our four theological seminaries; our four medical colleges, which have as many technical magazines successfully running already. Here, too, are daily journals, numerous and powerful, employing at least two writers to classic Boston’s one; these are the trained men who are in sympathy with the popular heart, and know how to reach it in books.

Here is, in short, every element of literary greatness, swelling and bursting into bloom. Our booksellers have at length fairly perceived the harvest that awaits them if they will but sharpen their sickles and reap. They have gathered a few sheaves, and the yield has been bountiful. To drop figures, which were not in the intent of this article, and resume facts, which were,—the literary ventures which have already been put forth in Chicago have been, for the most part, signally successful, and have *not* generally owed their success to a spirit of local pride, but to the logic of the facts which have been already cited. The books produced in Chicago have been, for the most part, kindly received by the critics of the East, and still more so by the public of that section. The same may be said of this magazine, the first year

of whose existence, closing with the present number, will long be referred to as marking an epoch in the history of Western literature, but whose remarkably successful career has not been dilated upon here for an obvious reason. We can, however, but point to it, along with the rest, as an exemplification of the vigorous life that is in Western literature, and as an encouragement to the literary purveyor of the future who shall offer to the Western public any wares up to a good standard, and stand by them through thick and thin as they stood by who watched THE WESTERN MONTHLY through its infant struggles for recognition.

In Chicago, as in every city, particularly new ones, all phases of business seem to have their separate seasons of development. The greatest profits on real estate will be made in one decade, or a less term, and the greatest progress in building in another; manufactures will be built up during one period, and railroads in another; and so the metropolis grows, developing function after function, part after part. Chicago gives unmistakable evidence of having reached and fairly entered upon the period of greatest activity in developing her literary character, which may be considered to be as sure of attaining greatness as that lots on Wabash avenue are worth more now than they were five years ago. Ten years ago the head of one of our largest book-selling and publishing houses was a private news company—a "corporation sole"—office on the sidewalk; stock in trade, half a dozen morning papers. Ten years hence, with like progress, or with a progress proportional to that of the last year, what will not Chicago have attained in letters? New York and Boston are sending money and brains to Chicago, to embark in literature.

The outlook is most cheering. THE WESTERN, with crew and vessel tried

by service, has cut moorings and set sail for deeper waters and choicer cargoes. It takes the tide at its flood!

#### THE WESTERN MONTHLY AND ITS AIMS.

"THE WESTERN MONTHLY does not altogether do credit to the Western taste, if it adequately represents its supposed constituency. It is spicy, but unsubstantial; and contributes really nothing in the current number to our stock of knowledge, except it be in a short article on 'The Fashions of Pompeii.' Spicy, however, it certainly is, both in article and story. 'On the Stage and Off' gives us a glimpse in anecdotes, both new and old, behind the curtain; and 'Personal Recollections of Thackeray' will be welcomed very cordially by the many friends of the English humorist. But why should we have a *Western* monthly? The current number advises us that it is devoted to the interests of the *West*, that each number will contain a biographical sketch of some *Western* man, that it has for its contributors 'the best writers and thinkers of the *West*,' and it invites articles only from *Western* contributors. Such a narrow-minded sectionalism is alike dishonoring to the periodical and to the great, liberal, broad heart of the people whom it misrepresents. Chicago should publish not a local and provincial monthly, but a national magazine. The days of narrow gauge in American literature are numbered."

We have thus far in our course declined to refer to the numerous notices of commendation from the Press which have been bestowed on our enterprise, but we extract the above adverse criticism from the New York "Independent," since it affords a fitting text to the discourse which we now propose to indite.

THE WESTERN MONTHLY with this number closes the first year of its existence. It has so far commended itself to the public that its future is secure beyond any contingency. It has an ample capital, furnished by men who are determined that here shall be maintained a first-class magazine, in whose columns the sentiments of our people shall find full and free expression, not only in literary matters, but upon the great questions of national policy—such as the abolition of the restrictions on trade, the equal distribution of the banking capital, the removal of the seat of government to the banks of the Mississippi, etc.

The necessity for such an organ is apparent. The East—we say it more in sorrow than in anger—the East regards the West as the great consumer of her wares, mechanical and intellectual, while she declines everything looking to reciprocity; and every attempt on our part to awaken our people to a sense of independence is met with flippant criticism, of which the above extract is a fair sample. Our efforts in science, literature, and the practical arts, are ignored. While our principal towns each winter are visited by Eastern lecturers, what Western man is invited to occupy an Eastern platform? What Western citizen has ever sat as a regent of the Smithsonian Institution? When has a Western man been placed on a scientific commission? What Western book has received a generous commendation from an Eastern magazine? We pick up a school-book—Hillard's Sixth Reader. Of the forty-six extracts from American authors, thirty-six are from New England authors, seven from New York authors, two from Southern authors, and *one* from a Western author! Now, if it be said that the West has no men capable of enlisting the attention of an Eastern audience; of sitting at the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution; of discharging the duties of a scientific commission; of producing works that are worthy of criticism—we reply that these humiliating facts prove the overwhelming necessity of rousing our people from their intellectual torpor; of stimulating them to found institutions for the cultivation of the liberal arts; and of maintaining organs in which their views shall find appropriate expression. Such a course the editor of the "Independent" regards as "narrow-minded sectionalism." He probably regarded the establishment of "The Advance" as the organ of a liberal and enlightened Christianity at the West, a "sectional" movement; for could not the "Independent" supply the demand?

But it is said that our title is provincial. Is not that of "The Atlantic" and "The Overland" liable to the same charge? In our modesty we did not wish to arrogate an all-comprehensive title like "The Universe," "The Nation," or the "Journal of Civilization;" but in a quiet way to rally about us the literary and scientific men of the West, and offer them a medium of communication with the world. While we have not solicited Eastern writers to contribute to our columns, for the reason that we firmly believed the time was coming when they would desire to hold intercourse with Western readers, and would therefore solicit us, we have not hesitated to give appreciative notices of Eastern men; and this very number of our magazine contains a kindly notice of the author of this flippant criticism. We are not disposed to continue a relation as humiliating as that which existed between the versatile Greek and the staid Roman, as described by Juvenal, the former monopolizing all literary and scientific positions, acting as

"Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,  
Augur, echinobates, medicus magnus, omnia  
novit."

But enough of this. We have said elsewhere that the bulk of population is now established west of the Alleghanies; and under the next apportionment of representation the political power of the nation will be wielded for all time by the inhabitants of the Mississippi Valley. With this assumption of political power, we would at the same time proclaim an intellectual emancipation. We would here raise up a body of men who should be capable of instructing not only the people of the West, but of the nation, on the platform, in the pulpit, and through the press. We would insist upon a Western representation on every scientific commission. We would engage in a generous rivalry with the East in the cultivation of those arts which dignify and

adorn life; and we would make the intercourse between the two regions one of reciprocity, instead of assumption on the one part and of submission on the other, as at present constituted; and by these means we would destroy the "narrow guage in American literature."

We rejoice at the progress which has been made in the Sea-board States in all the liberal arts and in educational institutions; but this does not imply that we must educate our young men at Cambridge or Yale, or that our people should read only such magazines as "Harper's" and "The Atlantic." Our religious faith will fructify, we trust, even if we fail to read "The Independent." Our development in material wealth has been unprecedented, and we now appeal to our people to establish among themselves those arts which appertain to a high civilization.

GEORGE SAND.—"The greatest prose poet, not only of French but of European literature, in my opinion, is George Sand, the author of *Lelia*," wrote Henri Heine, nearly thirty years ago. At that time the genius of George Sand had revealed itself only in a few magnificent outpourings of her heart, full of eloquence, pathos, and passion, falling like thunderbolts on bewildered society, which instinctively recoiled before the terrible lamentations and vaticinations of this inspired Pythoness. Admiring and wondering at every new work, at every new masterpiece, which followed in rapid succession, the eminent critics of all nations hailed her coming with an enthusiasm not free from stupor, and proclaimed her the master-mind of contemporary literature. Even the brilliant star of Victor Hugo—who had but a short time before published his great novel, "*Notre Dame de Paris*," and had reached already the zenith of his fame—grew pale before the meteoric splendor which the dazzling genius of George Sand shed over the literary firmament

of France. But this transcendent glory, this immense reputation of the author, was counterbalanced by the infuriated outcries against the woman. Society, which had been attacked and was powerless under the heavy blows of this athlete of mind; society, whose rottenness had been laid open by the keen dissecting-knife of the great anatomist of the human heart; society, whose wrongs and crimes had been exposed in undying novels, which Europe devoured; society, whose time-honored institutions had been shaken by the inspired eloquence of the great novelist—society took its revenge on the woman. Her life was scrutinized, her most private affairs were dragged before the public, her conduct was held up to public contempt, her character slandered, her morality more than questioned, her innocent eccentricities converted into crimes. With such charges against her, her antagonists attempted to stifle her eloquent voice and to degrade her in the eyes of the public which had learned to admire her. But all these efforts were futile and vain! Both in France and Germany a powerful band of novelists, moralists, and philosophers, gathered under the banner which George Sand triumphantly held high, and fought manfully the unequal contest against the abuses and crimes of perverse society.

Works of immortal merit, works equally distinguished by the power, originality, and inspiration, of thought and sentiment, and by the marvelous eloquence and classic beauty of language, characterize the first phase of George Sand's literary genius.

But there came a day when her genius, exhausted by the powerful efforts of her imagination, felt the necessity to rest and gather new strength in meditative silence, interrupted by idyllic composition. It was during this period that George Sand wrote those village stories which are to this day the

brighest jewel in the diadem of pastoral poetry, those "Letters of a Traveler," which were the fitting accompaniment to Alfred de Musset's "Voices from the Brenta," and that autobiography which teaches us to love her whom we had but admired until then. All of these books were written in a matchless style, and with a true poetical inspiration. They mark the second epoch of George Sand's genius. The fiery must have finished fermenting, and a pure rich wine had taken its place.

But like all minds of the highest order—like Mozart in music, like Raphael in painting—George Sand's genius had to pass through three phases before it could bestow its most precious gifts and its choicest fruits on mankind. Like a generous wine, which grows richer and more fiery with increasing age, the genius of George Sand had gathered new strength and fresh vigor in the years which she had devoted to meditative silence and idyllic composition. All of a sudden her genius, like a phoenix, arose from its own ashes, and in rapid succession

produced a new series of immortal works, in which the fiery pathos and the impassioned eloquence of her earlier works were happily blended with the reflective thoughtfulness which she had acquired during the second epoch of her literary life. "Le Marquis de Villemer," "Jean de la Roche," "Mademoiselle Merquem," "Un Dernier Amour," and last, though not least, "*Pierre qui Roule*," (*The Rolling Stone*)—which has just appeared in France, and a translation of which will be commenced in the January number of THE WESTERN MONTHLY—are the imperishable monuments which distinguish this third and greatest phase of George Sand's genius.

Madame Sand is sixty-five years of age, and during her literary life of thirty-seven or thirty-eight years she has produced as many, or more, literary masterpieces. Together with her great literary twin-brother, Honoré de Balzac, she will go down to remotest posterity;—magnificent *dioscuri*, great enough to shed luster on any age and literary renown on any nation.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE GREAT WEST.  
By Francis Parkman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co., and The Western News Company. 8vo. pp. 425.

This is the last of a series of works by Mr. Parkman, comprehended under the title of "France and England in North America," the two preceding volumes being "The Pioneers of France in the New World," and "The Jesuits in North America."

We have read this work with much care, and we may add with unalloyed

satisfaction. Mr. Parkman's previous researches had qualified him to enter upon this train of investigation with every prospect of success, and we cheerfully award to him the credit of having brought forth a mass of facts which had not only escaped the notice of Bancroft and other historians, but which throw light upon many obscure points in our early history. Mr. Parkman was so fortunate as to become possessed of many original French MSS., or copies thereof, and of maps and charts sketched by the original explorers or at

their dictation; and besides, that he might identify the points designated, and judge of the accuracy of descriptions of natural scenery, he took the pains to pass over portions of the routes pursued by Marquette and La Salle. His work is not only a valuable contribution to the historical literature of our country, but it is the best account extant of the early discovery and colonization of the Great West. With a felicity of style rarely attained, and a graphic power of description by which scenes and incidents are brought vividly before the eye, the author has invested his narrative with all the interest of a novel—or we ought rather to say of a tragedy, for the life of La Salle is a tragedy. In him we find a man highly educated, and particularly excellent in the exact sciences; of good connections, among whom he might have lived a life of learned ease; of restless energy, and a will that no misfortunes could break or divert from its purpose; of lofty stature, and trained to great endurance; and with a mind capable of evolving vast schemes looking to the aggrandizement of his country rather than of self; leading a checkered life,—at one time at the court of Louis the Magnificent, and at another addressing the assembled chiefs in the Western wilds; pursuing his way in a canoe along the Great Lakes or the affluents by which they are fed; traversing trackless forests, and for years making use of the ground for his bed; often subjected to the pains of cold and hunger; surrounded by secret or open foes; twice poisoned; almost constantly amid scenes of peril which called for the exercise of sleepless vigilance, and yet never surprised and never thrown off his guard; repeatedly a witness of the destruction of his long-cherished hopes, at a time when he had a right to expect their fruition, and yet never yielding to despair; prosecuting a vast scheme which would have

led to the conquest of a continent and a revolution in the trade of the world—he fell a victim to the assassin's bullet. In many respects he was the grandest character that appears in our history. His life was the most varied, and had it been protracted to the usual span it would perhaps have been the most eventful. By the people of Illinois the memory of La Salle ought ever to be cherished, for he was the first to form a permanent settlement in the State. Nearly two hundred years ago, while the Puritans were clustering about Boston, La Salle was traversing our beautiful valley, mapping its principal features, establishing posts, and revolving schemes for humanizing and Christianizing the Indians.

Another and an earlier historical character figures in this work; a character less imposing, but perhaps quite as worthy of admiration,—that is Marquette. He was born in France, of high connections, and was educated by the Jesuits for the priesthood. He took the vows of the order, and discharged their obligation with an unquestioning faith. Frail in body and of a gentle nature, he was inspired with almost superhuman energy, and toil and privation in his Master's cause he esteemed as naught. He chose Canada as the field of his labors, and was early transferred to the remotest of the missionary outposts on Lake Superior. Here, in his intercourse with the Illinois, who resided thirty days' journey to the west, he learned of a great river which they were compelled to pass, flowing through grassy plains on which grazed countless herds of buffalo. Under the sanction of the Intendant of Canada, he was authorized to start on a voyage of discovery. Accompanied by Joliet and five voyageurs in two canoes, he skirted the lake (Michigan) from St. Ignace to Green Bay, ascended the Fox River, passed through Lake Winnebago, and threaded the sluggish and serpentine

stream beyond to the portage; then crossing the water-shed, the canoes were reëmbarked, and they floated down the Wisconsin to its mouth. The clear placid current of the Great River rolled before them, and we can well imagine the wonder and delight which this scene awakened. They again launch their canoes, and day after day and week after week float upon the mighty tide. They note the turbulent flood poured in by the Missouri, and the discoloration of the water extending to the whole volume; and after several days' voyaging, they again note the clear water discharged by the Ohio. Finally they reached the mouth of the Arkansas, when, learning that the Indians were hostile and were armed with guns procured from the Spaniards—for Spain was then at war with France—they resolved to retrace their course. Arrived on their return voyage at the mouth of the Illinois, they ascended that stream to the great Indian town near where Utica now stands, where they were hospitably received by the Indians, who guided them across the portage of the Des Plaines to the Chicago River. Thus, then, Marquette and his followers were the first white men to view the site on which the city of Chicago has been erected! This was in September, 1673. From this point they proceeded to Green Bay, having, in the course of four months, paddled their canoes more than two thousand five hundred miles.

Marquette had a longing desire to plant the standard of the Cross among the Indians of the Illinois Valley. Accordingly, the next year, late in October, with two voyageurs, he left Green Bay for Chicago. Arrived there he ascended the river for about two leagues and built a hut in which to pass the winter. Game was abundant—buffalo, deer, and turkeys, were shot in sight of their habitation. Marquette was aware that the seal

of death was upon him, and so expressed himself to his voyageurs; and the exposures incident to his voyage so late in the season had aggravated his disease. His hemorrhage returned, but with the return of spring the disease relented. He then proceeded to the Indian town, where he gathered about him the chiefs and their followers and proclaimed the mysteries of the faith. Returning to Chicago, he embarked for Mackinac, circling the head of the lake, and then coasting along its eastern shore to where a small stream discharges itself into the great reservoir, south of the conspicuous promontory known as the "Sleeping Bear." His disease had returned and he lay prostrate in the canoe. The warm breath of spring revived him not, and the bursting buds failed to attract his dimmed eye. He was aware that his hour had come, and requested his voyageurs to land. Tenderly they bore him to the bank of the stream and built for his shelter a bark hut. Calmly he gave directions as to the mode of his burial, craved the forgiveness of his companions if in aught he had offended, administered to them the sacrament, and thanked God that it had been vouchsafed to him to die in the wilderness. As the night stole on he insisted that they rest, saying that he would call them as the final hour approached. Two hours after they heard his feeble cry, and as they reached his side they found him in the last agony. This was on the 18th of May, 1675.

Upon the bank of the stream which bears his name they dug his grave and buried him as directed; but this was not destined to be his final resting-place. A party of Ottawas a year or two afterwards, being in the vicinity, opened the grave and placed the relics in a birchen box. They then conveyed them in a canoe, escorted by many others, to St. Ignace; and as the Indians approached the shore, wailing

their rude funeral songs, priests, neophytes, and traders, all gathered to receive the sacred trust, which was deposited with solemn ceremonies beneath the floor of the chapel in which the good missionary had so often administered the rites of his religion.

Such is a brief abstract of the career of two remarkable men, as recorded in the volume under review.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED. By Epes Sargent. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 12mo. pp. 270.

We might with great justice quote the language of a once famous reviewer, and say that this poem belongs to the class "which neither gods nor men are said to permit." While there are many passages which evince high art, we do not know when we have seen such a quantity of matter which is nothing but *measured* prose—and not always accurately measured at that. While it is pretty difficult to define what poetry really is, yet there is supposed to be required a certain elevation of thought, and a certain play of the fancy irradiating the whole, as the sunlight at eve changes the murky vapors into hues of gold and crimson. We are at a loss to conceive how the most commonplace sentiments, such as we hear in the shops, on the farm, at the bench, and in the factory, arranged in metrical form, and without any marked recurring cadence, should be dignified with the name of poetry. We insert a few extracts which, using a printer's phrase, we will "run on," and we think it will puzzle the reader to scan the lines and fix the capitals.

We are of the opinion that the age of really great poets has passed away forever,—that science and the practical arts of life are fatal to the cultivation of the imagination; and yet those who cultivate this faculty should ever bear in mind that their only hope of being re-

membered by posterity, is to invest great thoughts in concise graphic phrases. They should not indulge in mere wordiness, but should give us the essence, aye, the quintessence of things. But to the extracts, taken almost at random:

"We'll corner the 'old man,' and his bald head shan't save him. By the way, if you want money let me be your banker; I'm well content to risk a thousand dollars on the result of my experiment."

"Now the discourse slid off to women's rights; for Lothian held a newspaper which told of some convention, the report of which might raise a smile. One of the lady speakers, it seems, would give her sex the privilege of taking the initiative in wooing, if so disposed."

This we regard as prose, and very bald prose at that. Occasionally, however, we have a brilliant passage:

"The ocean billows melted into one,  
And that stretched level as a marble floor.  
All winds were hushed, and only sunset tints  
From purple cloudlets, edged with fiery gold,  
And a bright crimson fleece the sun had left,  
Fell on the liquid plain incarnadined.  
The very pulse of ocean now was mute;  
From the far-off profound, no throb, no swell!  
Motionless on the coastwise ships, the sails  
Hung limp and white, their very shadows white.  
The lighthouse windows drank the kindling red,  
And flashed and gleamed as if the lamps were lit."

THE POLAR WORLD. By Dr. G. Hertwig, Author of "The Sea and its Living Wonders," "The Harmonies of Nature," and "The Tropical World." With additional chapters and 163 Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Crown 8vo. pp. 486.

This is a reprint of an English work, with many illustrations substituted which from time to time have appeared in "Harper's Magazine." It is not a work of original research, but a very well-executed compendium of the researches of others in the circumpolar regions. It is an encyclopedia of the existing knowledge, useful to those who would gain a general idea of the physical geography of those regions, but not specific enough to satisfy the student in any department of natural history. We have graphic descriptions of the Barren Grounds or Tundri; of the quadrupeds and birds;

of ice-action as seen in the glacier, the berg, and the hummock; of marine animals like the whale, grampus, walrus, seal, polar bear, etc; while, too, the inhabitants of the high latitudes are described. We have a succinct account of nearly all those navigators who at various times have traversed those mysterious seas. Dr. Hertwig has performed his task with great judgment, and the result is a book which ought to be in every popular library.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

- GERMAN TALES. By Berthold Auerbach. Handy-Volume Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: The Western News Company. 16mo. pp. 352.
- THE LAKE SHORE SERIES OF STORIES. "On Time," "Through by Daylight," "Lightning Express," and "Switch Off." By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 4 vols. 16mo. pp. 282, 288, 300, 312.
- ADVENTURES ON THE GREAT HUNTING-GROUNDS OF THE WORLD. By Victor Meunier. Illustrated with Twenty-two Wood-Cuts. New York: Charles Scribner & Co. Chicago: Hadley, Hill & Co. 16mo. pp. 297.
- SYBARIS, AND OTHER HOMES. By E. E. Hale. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by all booksellers. 16mo. pp. 206.
- THE WRITINGS OF MADAME SWETCHINE. Translated from the French. By Harriet W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Chicago: The Western News Company. 16mo. pp. 255.
- LIVING THOUGHTS. A Selection of Prose and Poetry. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co. 16mo. pp. 246.
- HOW CHARLEY ROBERTS BECAME A MAN. Charley Roberts Series. By the Author of "Forrest Mills, A Prize Story." Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 16mo. pp. 256.
- THE POETICAL WORKS OF JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Diamond Edition—Complete. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by all booksellers. 32mo. pp. 437.
- THE VILLAGE ON THE CLIFF; with other Stories and Sketches. By Anne Isabella Thackeray. Household Edition. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by all booksellers. 16mo. pp. 277.
- HESTER STRONG'S LIFE-WORK; or, The Mystery Solved. By Mrs. S. A. Southworth, Author of "Lawrence Monroe," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: The Western News Company. 16mo. pp. 453.
- ECHOES FROM HOME. A Collection of Songs, Ballads, and other Home Poetry. By the Editor of "Chimes for Childhood." Illustrated by Ham-matt Billings. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: Cobb, Pritchard & Co. 16mo. pp. 228.
- HOW EVA ROBERTS GAINED HER EDUCATION. By the Author of "Forrest Mills, A Prize Story." Illustrated. Charley Roberts Series. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 16mo. pp. 250.
- THE UNCLE SAM SERIES FOR AMERICAN CHILDREN. Consisting of "Rip Van Winkle's Nap," by E. C. Stedman; "The Story of Columbus," by J. T. Trowbridge; "Putnam the Brave," by R. H. Stoddard; "The Ballad of Abraham Lincoln," by Bayard Taylor. With Illustrations in Colors. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by all booksellers.
- THE BOY FARMERS OF ELM ISLAND. By Rev. Elijah Kellogg, Author of "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Good Old Times," etc. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 16mo. pp. 300.
- THE YOUNG DETECTIVE; or, Which Won? By Rosa Abbott. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 16mo. pp. 256.
- THE SUNSET-LAND; or, The Great Pacific Slope. By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 16mo. pp. 322.
- DOTTY DIMPLE'S FLYAWAY. By Sophie May, Author of "Little Prudy Stories." Illustrated. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Chicago: W. B. Keen & Cooke. 32mo. pp. 200.
- THE ATLANTIC ALMANAC for 1870. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. For sale by all booksellers.

## CHIT-CHAT.

THEODORE PARKER was a man in whom were combined many commanding as well as enviable traits. He had the heroism of a martyr, and would have cheerfully gone to the stake to vindicate a principle. He had all the stern resolution of the Puritan, without his bigotry; all his self-sacrificing devotion, without his fanaticism.

While we do not sympathize with his religious views, yet we can not impugn the sincerity of his convictions, nor deny that his course was such as was necessary to vindicate religious freedom. We believe that it was Jefferson who said that error is harmless where truth is left free to combat it. Nothing is to be feared from full and free discussion.

The men who on each Lord's day filled Music Hall in Boston—the largest audience-room in the city—were not infidels, but earnest reformers connected with the great movements of the day. When Parker fell, the Music Hall organization fell with it. The concession of a principle had destroyed its vitality.

In those days we would occasionally drop in upon that assembly. In looking over the large crowd, there were not there the gay and frivolous, but the venerable and reflective; and one could pick out very many who were eminent in the various walks of life. No preacher in America addressed a more intellectual congregation.

The pulpit consisted simply of a table, on which were placed, even in midwinter, a bouquet of flowers. At the appointed hour would step forward a man not above the medium height, spectacled, bald-headed, the apex of his head shining like an iceberg in the

sun. After a brief prayer he would give out, perhaps, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life:"

"Tell me not in mournful numbers  
Life is but an empty dream."

Then would follow the sermon. There was nothing sensational; in fact there was a paucity of gesture and intonation on the part of the speaker. It was a purely intellectual feast that was presented to the guests. As he assailed some crying wrong or exposed some miserable sophism, a smile might be seen to spread over the countenances of the audience, and even reach an audible laugh. It was a smile of admiration—such a one as a medical student may be disposed to give when he sees a skillful anatomist perform a delicate operation, the patient stretched upon the dissecting-table before him; the keen blade, the incision, laying bare the flesh and integuments, the extraction of the tumor, and the operator cool and indifferent to the writhings of the patient. The Music Hall audiences enjoyed a satisfaction akin to this as Parker dissected the vices of modern society. If any one doubt his power as a *moral* anatomist, let him read his discourse on Daniel Webster. Never was there such a cutting-up and taking to pieces of the reputation of a great man. It was a most merciless excoriation. At that day the gravity and respectability of Boston were enlisted, if not in upholding, at least in palliating, the enormity of slavery; and it required some audacious hand, in imitation of the Roundheads of old, to enter the temples and mutilate and overthrow the idols of popular worship. That office Parker performed.

There were many who would have been glad, to use a somewhat expressive phrase, to "squelch" him out. The orthodox church, and even that church from whose portals he had gone forth, frowned upon him. Beacon street recognized him not; the "eminently respectable" would have placed a ban upon him; and finally the power of the judiciary of the United States was invoked to suppress a pestilent agitator. A Curtis was on the bench—one of a race never remarkably notable for devotion to popular rights—and Ben Hallett, an unscrupulous servant of the slave-power, was district-attorney. We are not quite sure that we can recall all the attendant circumstances, and it would be a cheerless task to go back and hunt up musty documents to show what steps were taken by the dominant politicians, aided by the federal judiciary, to compel the people of Massachusetts "to conquer their prejudices." The Fugitive Slave law had been enacted, and its vigorous enforcement was demanded by the politicians of the South as a condition precedent to their remaining in the Union. An attempt to rescue Anthony Burns, a slave and a fugitive, had been made under the very shadow of the Boston court-house. Southern politicians heard the news with sneering indignation; northern politicians with undisguised dismay. In the very first attempt to enforce that nicely-adjusted scheme of despotism for which Clay had labored and Webster had sacrificed his manhood, and which was deemed essential to the perpetuation of the Union, "the powers that be" had nearly met with a signal overthrow. A manacled slave, convicted of no crime other than a desire to assert his personal liberty, sent from Boston, the hot-bed of *isms*, to the South—would be regarded as a most grateful propitiation, a sweet savor in the nostrils of her politicians.

In some way Theodore Parker became

mixed up with the attempted rescue, and a jury, under the manipulations of Hallett, was found pliant enough to bring in an indictment against him for high treason! Think of this, O posterity! in the light of subsequent events, when such arch-traitors as Jeff. Davis, Breckenridge, and Toombs, who involved the country in a war which cost millions of lives and billions of treasure, go "unwhipped of justice," while a comparatively quiet parson up in Massachusetts was indicted for the highest crime known to the law, in that he had aided and abetted in the escape of a fugitive slave! The indictment, we believe, fell through upon some mere technical defect.

While these proceedings were pending, one morning strolling through Boston Common in company with Anson Burlingame—who now occupies the most distinguished diplomatic position in the world, and who, as a Massachusetts politician, was a most ardent anti-slavery man—we met Theodore Parker. Interchanging the ordinary salutations, we deprecated not only the present annoyances to which he was subjected, but adverted to the really serious consequences which might ensue.

"Give yourselves no uneasiness, gentlemen," responded Parker. "When this thing first flashed upon me I thought as you do. The idea of being forcibly torn away from my home, my books, my friends, my morning walks, and immured within the four walls of a dungeon, was terrible; but then I consoled myself with the thought that it was all for the best. In prison I shall have ample time for meditation. I can surround myself with books. I shall be excluded from the exterior world, and thus have time and opportunity to meditate my defense, *which will consist of an octavo volume of about three hundred and seventy pages.*"

We believe that among his collected

works is included his meditated defense, but whether it consists of the specified number of pages, in octavo form, we know not.

Years have passed since these events. Times have changed, and we have also changed. We will not repeat the Latin quotation, *tempora mutantur*, etc. Society has been upheaved and a new order of things established. The Southern politicians—paraphrasing a simile of Sydney Smith's—are now on the tread-mill, and the well-paid Union politicians are riding in chariots, looking out of the windows, smiling complacently, and exhibiting faces which we do not remember to have recognized in those trying hours when we were compelled to trudge afoot. Anti-slavery is now a lucrative business, and it is wonderful at this day, in looking over the antecedents of our politicians, to see how faithful has been their record—as interpreted by themselves—for freedom! Not a living man of them that ever swerved one jot or iota from his course to conciliate the slave-power. Wonderful country! wonderful people! How can you fail to prosper under such leaders!—We took up our pen to indite a paragraph; we close with a homily.

In a cemetery near Florence, Italy, reposes all that is mortal of Theodore Parker. While thus his body lies moldering in a foreign grave, here his spirit, like that of John Brown, is still "marching on;" and in the deeds he performed, and in the sayings to which he gave utterance, we may derive lessons for our own guidance and instruction.

**SPEAKING of Theodore Parker:** He delivered a lecture before the Fraternity in Boston, on Washington, wherein he adverted to that trait in his character noted by his biographers, that he was never known to swear except on one occasion, and that was at Monmouth. The lecturer then detailed the circumstances

attending that battle; how Washington's well-devised plans were disconcerted by the conduct of Lee, who fell back before an inferior force without a struggle. Washington, who had been standing with his arm thrown over his horse's neck, when he saw the heads of the columns in full retreat, was thunder-struck, and learning that the movement was by Lee's orders he threw himself on his horse and spurred forward until he met that officer with the residue of the command in full retreat. Washington's aspect, according to La Fayette, was terrible, and then were launched, according to well-authenticated traditions, upon the offending officer a series of tremendous oaths; but most of Washington's biographers have toned down his expressions into Chesterfieldian platitudes. It was a great disappointment to Washington. The opportunity had arrived, so long desired, of striking a most effective blow on the enemy; but his plans were thwarted by the wrong-headedness of Lee. The lecturer after dwelling upon these circumstances paused for a moment, and then resumed: "*It is refreshing, my friends, in these degenerate times, to find a proper occasion whereon tall swearing is justifiable.*"

THEODORE PARKER believed in "muscular Christianity." His "gran'ther" was one who not only fought but fell at Concord; and the musket used on that memorable occasion descended as an heir-loom to the grandson. This he bequeathed to the State of Massachusetts, with the proviso that it should occupy a conspicuous place in the Capitol; and the loiterer at this day, if he stray into the Senate Chamber, will see the identical old "Queen's arm" which a country parson discharged against a British foe before Independence was declared. Precious old musket! When Massachusetts ceases to cherish this gift we shall believe in her degeneracy.

IN THE CONDUCT of this magazine we have been compelled to reject very many articles of that commodity known as poetry, manufactured (for it has become *machine work*) by those who stand high in the world's estimation. Our course has been dictated, sometimes by a lack of merit in the articles themselves, and sometimes from the nature of the sentiments inculcated. That the readers may appreciate the righteousness of our decisions, we submit a few specimens of the articles rejected. The first is by H-n-y W. L-g-f-ll-w, entitled :

A PSALM OF LIFE.

WHAT THE BANKER SAID TO THE APPLICANT WITHOUT  
ADEQUATE SECURITIES.

Tell me not the note you hand me  
Is to rank—*creme, a la creme*.  
“Discount?” Whew! It soon would strand me,  
For things are not what they seem.  
Cash is real, credit earnest,  
In each act where business’s meant;  
What thou borrowest, see thou returnest,  
With the added ten per cent.  
Not to suffer one to borrow  
On mere credit, is my way;  
And to act that each to-morrow  
Find me richer than to-day.  
Trust is frail and Time is fleeting,  
Though my heart be stout and brave;  
While that heart with life is beating,  
Be it mine to make and save!  
In the world’s great field of battle,  
Where as foes meet sire and son,  
Mid the clamor and the rattle,  
Each look out for number one!  
On the Future do not anchor!  
Watch the Present, be not rash!  
Sight most grateful to the banker  
Is the hard and ready cash.  
Lives of rich men all remind us  
We can render ourselves rich,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Greenbacks, “governments,” and “sich”;—  
Town-lots which perhaps another  
Sailing o’er life’s solemn sea,  
Failing their value to discover,  
Failed to acquire by deed in fee;  
Which, acquired, no doubt had added  
Vastly to his worldly store,  
Now to him, discouraged, maddened,  
Gone the chance forevermore.  
Let us then be up and doing,  
On our worldly gains intent,  
Still discounting, still renewing,  
With the added ten per cent.

We would inform the poet that, having *frequent* occasion to apply for a discount, it would be rash, nay, suicidal, for us to inculcate such rigorous notions upon this most useful body of men in a community, and therefore we must consign his otherwise meritorious poem to the waste-basket. *He* may be in a condition not to need pecuniary favors—but *we* are not.

Next we present an extract from a poem by the veteran poet, W-ll-m C-ll-n B-ya-t. We are loth to accuse him of senility, but it must share the fate of its predecessor :

THESAURO-OPSIS—A VISION OF WEALTH.

[To employ the instructions given in the school-books:—the air of subdued satisfaction which pervades this piece requires that the inflection be slight, and the tone throughout be one of great tenderness.]

To him who, dwelling in a cream-tint house,  
Held by the tenure of a deed fee-simple  
(Which is far different from a simple fee),  
Fast by the borders of the dark-blue lake,  
And who, from his oriel rich curtained,  
Looks out complacent on the snowy fleet—  
Some with spread canvas starting on their voyage,  
And some, sails furled, returning to their docks  
Rich-freighted, wherein he hath a large adventure—  
Nature appears all-lovely; earth and her waters,  
And the depths of air.

Turning indoors, there comes a voice of gladness,  
And a smile of eloquence and beauty,  
Tinging the inner musings of his heart;  
For there is, firm-built in his office-walls,  
A Salamander safe and burglar-proof  
In whose vault are stored the visible forms  
Of this world’s blessedness—the “governments,”  
With delicate coupons thereunto attached,  
Calling for interest at seven per cent.,  
Gold-bearing, and payable half-yearly,  
Without abatement of the thing called taxes,—  
“Governments”—cream skimmed from a nation’s milk.

Oh, how his soul exults and glows with mild  
And healing sympathy! No bitter thoughts  
Of the stern world without, come like a blight  
Over his spirit to mar its happiness;  
And the sad images of poverty  
And unrequited toil, whose earnings go  
To swell the substance of his gains, do not  
Make him to shudder and grow sick at heart.

But enough. Does Mr. B— know

that by publishing this we would throw a bomb-shell into the midst of our best patrons? He is a poor pyrotechnist who would fire his own magazine. We have no taste for such exhibitions.

The following sonnets we have reason to believe were not written by L—B—r—n, nor were they communicated to Mrs. B—he—r St—we, during her last visit to England, by Lady No—l herself. The pool of the noble lord's impurities has been so far stirred up as to become offensive in the nostrils of all decent persons. Let the sediment subside. We must therefore decline the publication of these sonnets. We find the same tone of thought and often the same forms of expression that occur in "The Dream" and in "Manfred," which give them an air of authenticity.

*En passant.* It must not be inferred that Lord Byron was all devilish and Lady Byron all angelic. Leigh Hunt said of her: "She had more of the pallid meekness of malice than the snowy hue of the angel;" and to account for their separation, it is not necessary to suppose that he was guilty of the most revolting of all crimes. There was an incompatibility of temper no doubt; and if the parties could have been brought into a Chicago court, the bonds would have been loosed in a twinkling, and the case would have formed only a nine days' wonder.—But to the sonnets:

## I.

I had a dream which was not all a dream:  
My slumbers—if I slumbered—were not sleep,  
But a train of enduring thought did seem;  
A spirit o'er me did its vigil keep.  
I saw one in the hues of youth, who stood  
Before the marriage altar, and at his side  
One fair, and on the verge of womanhood:  
The rites performed, he claimed her as his bride.  
He had loved another, at whose touch his blood  
Would come and go like ebbs of the tide;  
But she in these fond feelings had no share.  
Like marble cold and dumb her features were.  
There was a sickness in her soul, and sighs  
Gave no relief. The shadow on her life  
Grew deeper, and the drooping of her eyes  
Proclaimed the agony of the inward strife.

## II.

The vision changed. Upon a distant strand,  
Battling for an old heroic race,  
He drooped and died. Around his bier did stand  
Strange and dusky forms that loved him. His face  
Lay as in marble beauty, without one trace  
Of the strong passions that once heaved that  
breast.  
His form, coffined, was to his native land  
Consigned, there by his mother's side to rest.  
Peace to his ashes! But that is not his fate.  
She, joined at the altar, shuns the tomb;  
And she, sole daughter of his heart, is dumb,  
Or crushed beneath the unforgiving hate.  
Years intervene, when foreign aid is given  
To drag his frailties to the light of day;  
By foreign hands the rusted bolts are riven,  
And foreign hands disturb his mouldering clay.

Here is another candidate for the waste-basket—a young gentleman who seems to think that the stringing together of rhymes constitutes poetry:

## THE T—EM—T.

How does the water come down at Lodore?

"Did you ever sit down to dine at D—ke's?"  
My special friend asked me thus, once on a time;  
And moreover he tasked me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
"Oh, yes!" I replied,  
To the friend at my side,  
"Full many a time;  
And I'll tell you in rhyme  
How I dined and wine'd at D—ke's."

"I pray you recount, so far as you are able,  
The principal viands brought upon the table."

"There was a very great number of dishes:

There was soup vermicelli,  
And raspberry jelly,  
And a plenty of nice little fishes  
In cracker-crumb batter,  
All ranged on a platter,  
And little-neck clams,  
And sugar-cured hams,  
And potatoes, tomatoes,  
And mullets and pullets,  
And wheat bread and sweet bread,  
And sauce of stewed pippin,  
And roast-beef a-dripping,  
Steaks a-sizzling and hissing,  
And reed-birds and seed-birds,  
And pigeons and wigsons,  
And quails and rails,  
And rice, spices, ices,  
And roses and posies,  
All sweet to our noses;  
Water such as Moses  
Caused to flow at the blow  
And the shock, on the rock,  
From out the fountain  
On Horeb's mountain;

And champagne sparkling,  
And claret darkling,  
And corks a-popping,  
And constant dropping.  
Plates a-clattering, knives a-rattling,  
Like the din of armies battling.

Waiters crying, flying  
Hither, thither,  
Hurly-burly,  
Helter-skelter,  
Hurry-skurry,  
Higgledy-piggledy,

Now departing, now just starting;  
Guests are eating, glaring, staring,  
Children prattling, ladies tattling,  
Young girls giggling, old men higgling.

And so, amid the hissing and the sissing,  
And the hopping and the popping without stop-  
ping,  
And the clattering and the rattling and the bat-  
tling,  
And the hurly and the skurry and the flurry,  
And the darting and the starting and departing,  
And the rattling and the prattling and the tat-  
tling,  
And the higgling and the giggling and the wig-  
gling,  
I sat me down to wine and dine at D—ke's."

We would simply remark that we have sat "under the mahogany" of the individual referred to, and have never found the surroundings disagreeable. In fact, some of those sounds are "music to our ears." Let the fastidious writer above adopt for a month an editor's fare, and his malady will be cured.

We must defer further "notices to correspondents" until next month.

TOXTY, the faithful lieutenant of La Salle in his exploration of the West, according to Parkman, had but one hand, and to remedy the defect, instead of using a hook like Captain Ed'ard Cuttle, he wore an artificial hand of iron, or some other metal, which he covered with a glove, so that the defect was not apparent. On one or two occasions, when the Indians became disorderly, he used it most effectually in breaking the heads of the most contumacious or knocking out their teeth. Not knowing the secret of the unusual efficacy of his blows, they regarded him as "medicine" of the first order.

THE oldest inhabitants of Chicago must recollect, as connected with our lake navigation, Captain B——e,

"As he sailed, so he sailed."

He was a favorite with all travelers, at a time when the steamboat formed the easiest and most expeditious mode of communication with Buffalo. Rough-hewn and herculean in proportions, in a calm he had the meekness of a lamb, but in a storm the fierceness of a lion.

In one of his voyages, darkness settled down on the lake, accompanied by fierce wind and rain. The waters were lashed into angry waves. His vessel reeled and plunged like a drunken man, and occasionally would receive a shock which caused her timbers to tremble even to the keelson. The cordage creaked and groaned, and the furniture of the cabin was hurled from side to side. The greatest consternation prevailed among the passengers,—some were wailing, some hurrying to and fro, and others were deathly sick. In the midst of this wild scene, Captain B——e was on deck giving his orders in tones which rose high above the roar of the tempest, and intently watching to be ready to act in any emergency. Under such circumstances, he was approached by a clergyman who asked him if there were any danger of his vessel foundering. "Yes," roared the Captain, "and I advise you to go down into the cabin, get on your knees and pray, for in less than ten minutes you will be in ——!" a place which is supposed to be the antipodes of heaven.

APROPPOS of Clergymen: An Illinoisan presents us the following, which may serve to show how even clergymen meet with disappointment like other men, and how meager sometimes are the perquisites of their profession.

A silver-haired divine of wide experience and acknowledged ability, having occasion some years since to present the Bible cause in a certain town, stopped

over Sabbath with a clerical brother, and arranged to speak in the different churches. In the morning he conducted the service in the Methodist Church. On returning to the house of the Presbyterian minister he found him absent, and learned he was attending a funeral in the neighborhood.

Soon after there was a call at the door. A roughish-looking individual entered, and nervously asked:

"Are you the Presbyterian minister?"

"Yes, I am a Presbyterian minister. But I don't live here. Can I do anything for you?"

"Wa-al, I thinks likely. You see, it being Sunday, me and Ma-ri thought we would come over here and get married. I reck'n you can do it up for us as well as anybody—can't you?"

"Oh, yes! I can do that very easily. I marry a great many people. Where is your lady?"

"She's just outside, sir. Let me bring her in"—and he started for the wagon, where he had left her sitting.

While he was lifting her out and helping her to the door, the clergyman was thinking what a pleasant joke he would have on his clerical brother by performing the ceremony and pocketing the fee.

Soon the awkward couple entered the room, and after a few preliminaries they were at once joined in holy matrimony. The man sidled up and handed the clergyman a bank note, and the twain departed.

Hearing that the funeral procession had arrived at the church, the clergyman thought he would walk over and attend service. The untwisted bill in his vest-pocket was ten dollars! and he felt pleased at what he had done. He obtained a prominent seat in the crowded church, near the main aisle.

Presently, just before the service commenced, whom should he see rushing up the main aisle, to the very pulpit, but the man he had married! The minister

was there, and he heard them whisper—

"You married me!"

"No, I didn't."

"Yes, you did! You are the Presbyterian minister!"

"It must have been some other man."

"No, he was a Presbyterian. He told me so!"

"Oh! well. It might have been Mr. —," and he pointed down the aisle, where sat the gray-haired clergyman.

Conscious that the man was after him, and fearing a discussion in that solemn place, he took his hat and quietly moved out to the porch, followed by the excited bridegroom.

"My dear friend, what's the matter? What can be the trouble?"

"You see, sir, I made a mistake."

"A mistake?"

"Yes—you're the man! It was a mistake. I gin you *ten* dollars, and I didn't mean to give you but *one*!"

CAPTAIN A—, of Missouri, is known all the way on the Mississippi from New Orleans to Dubuque, as a big-hearted, jovial fellow, who does not stand on the ceremony of an introduction before commencing an acquaintance. The Captain is fond of a drink, and moreover he does not like to drink alone. It so happened that business called him to Washington, and he had as a *compagnon de voyage*, a stout, thick-set man, well up in years, who wore a wig, and who presented a striking resemblance to the late Lewis Cass. To beguile the tedium of the voyage, they chatted together and they drank together.

Captain A—, one evening after his arrival, thought he spied his companion in the densely-crowded office of Brown's Hotel, and stepping up to him, he briskly slapped him on the back, and remarked, "Come, old fellow, let's take a drink."

"You mistake your man," replied the other with great gravity. "My name is Cass, Senator Cass, from Michigan."

The Captain, it is hardly necessary to

say, was greatly disconcerted, and slunk away.

In the course of the evening, however, he was certain that he spied his man, and rushing up to him, broke out with great glee, "Well, I've found you at last. He! he! he! Capital joke to tell you. He! he! he! Don't you think, met old Cass, and took him for you. He! he! he! Clapped the old fellow on the back, he! he! he! and, says I, come, let's take a drink, he! he! he! and when he told me I mistook my man, thunder and lightning! didn't I slope, he! he! he!" The Captain observed, however, that his companion did not appear to appreciate the joke, but for a time preserved a rigid countenance, and then broke in upon him, "I, sir, am Lewis Cass, as I told you before, and I can not allow you to indulge further in these familiarities."

The Captain made no further attempts to hunt up his former companion. He is yet hale and jovial, but he is *not* fond of boasting how he made the acquaintance of the late distinguished Senator from Michigan.

GENERAL SCOTT prided himself on his ability to recall the name of any one to whom he might have been casually introduced. It so happened that on one occasion he made the acquaintance of a young lady who, by her fascinating manners, engrossed a large share of the General's attention.

Meeting this young lady a few evenings afterwards, while he recognized her features, he was unable to recall her name; so, in an apologetic way, he remarked: "Ordinarily I am able to retain the name of any individual to whom I am introduced, but in your case the name is so extraordinary that I have been unable to retain it in my memory; will you, therefore, favor me by repeating it?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "my name is an uncommon one—it is *Smith*."

TOM EWING, of Ohio, is a man of great gravity, and under all *ordinary* circumstances maintains that character. Tom Corwin, of Ohio, was a man who, under the gravest circumstances, did not hesitate to perpetrate a joke. It so happened that, on one occasion, as they were stumping the State together, they arrived at a village and became the guests of a private family. Tea came on, and the lady, who thought that she must address big words to big men, asked Ewing if he would take *condiments* in his tea. Mr. E. gravely answered, "Yes," and the sugar and milk were added. When the question was propounded to Corwin he responded, "Pepper and salt, if you please, but no mustard." Hereat Ewing's great sides shook for an instant like a convulsed volcano, and then followed an explosion of uproarious laughter.

CORWIN was as swarthy almost as an Indian, and in reference to this peculiarity, was fond of telling this anecdote of himself:

Arriving in New Orleans on one occasion, he heard that there was to be a very select ball on the part of the colored people, from which the "coal-blacks" were to be excluded, and only the "yaller gals" and boys admitted. Corwin procured a ticket and presented himself for admission, but the janitor, eyeing him for a moment, remarked, "One shade too dark! you can't go in."

As an orator before a Western audience, Tom Corwin, in wit, humor, and even pathos, was unapproachable. He thoroughly read the temper of his audience. Whatever chord in the popular heart he struck, would vibrate responsive to his touch. We first heard him in the Harrison and Van Buren, or the "Hard Cider" campaign. He was declaring upon the zeal of office-holders, and proceeded to show why it was that they contributed money, organized clubs,

and were ever ready to perpetuate abuses. He then spoke of their personal devotion to the "Little Dutchman," as Van Buren was called, which could be accounted for only on the ground that their bread and butter was at stake. "*The oz,*" said he, "*knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib.*"

OLD Captain Hardcastle, who had repeatedly crossed the Spanish main, was very fond of telling "tough yarns," and he exacted from his listeners the most implicit belief. Among others, he averred that once "as he sailed" he saw over the starboard bow an island, which he thought very strange, when he sent below and had the chart brought up. There stood the island, but on the chart was nothing but vacant space. Determined to explore it, the ship's course was altered, and after a run of an hour or so, she was hove to, a boat launched, and the Captain, with a crew, went ashore. "And what," said he, "do you think that island was composed of?" One of his listeners quietly suggested rock, another soil, etc. "No," said the Captain, "*of soap, perfectly hard soap,* and we cut out enough to load the boat, which lasted the ship's crew for six months." At this recital, one listener was observed to smile incredulously, when the Captain turned upon him fiercely and demanded: "Do you intend to doubt my word?" "Oh, no!" responded the listener, "*I was simply querying as to how much LIE it took to make that island of soap.*"

WHEN the city of Lawrence, Kansas, was first laid out, the sidewalks were quite narrow, and the citizens, with their New England taste, and for the sake of the shade, planted trees along the borders. In process of time, convinced of the inconvenience of this arrangement, the authorities widened the walks but did not remove the trees,

so that they occupied a row in the middle.

Now it so happened that an individual who had remained out until a late hour, and had imbibed so freely that in attempting to return home he lurched to and fro like a ship in a gale, was brought up standing by one of the trees, which he mistook for a wayfarer, when he thus expressed himself: "[Hic] Beg pardon, sir; [hic] assure you, sir, uninten[hic]tional." But soon he ran against another supposed individual, when the same apology was repeated, and ere long another. He then betook himself to the fence, and supported himself by holding on to the top rail. In this position he was overtaken by an acquaintance, who inquired what he was standing there for at such a time of night. "[Hic] *I was waiting,*" said he, "*for that d—d procession to pass.*"

THERE is this to be observed with respect to the use of correct orthography: If a man in a humble position fail to spell according to some recognized standard of orthography, he is at once set down as an ignoramus; if, on the other hand, he occupy a distinguished position, it is to be presumed that he knows what the approved method is, but that, for certain well-considered reasons, he does not adopt it. Of the latter class is, undoubtedly, our newly-appointed minister to Guatamala, who practices the *pho-netic* method, for in writing to a friend he informed him that he was suffering from "*rumatism and nuralgy!*"

ETHAN ALLEN, the Vermont hero, who demanded the surrender of Ticonderoga in the name of Jehovah and the Continental Congress, was rather loose in his religious notions, and was disposed to turn propagandist. This offended the good old Dr. Hopkins, who thus describes him:

"One hand was clenched to batter noses,  
While t'other scrawled 'gainst Paul and Moses."

